THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVIII No 11 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

Herrington W8dec23

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1929.

$1.50 per year in advance

Ask for Salada Orange Pekoe—it is the finest

"SALADA" TEA

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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for Fall planting. Catalogue and prices on request.

The Belleville Nurseries, 179 Dundas St. East, Belleville Ont.

42-tf

DOXSEE & CO.

Sale

The balance of our stock of Winter Millinery for the next two weeks

Half Price!

Including 20 Hats at **$1.00 to Clear.**

Bie-Tex Hosiery in tan, grey, and Beige. Regular $2.00 and $2.50 —**$1.00 and $1.40.**

Silk Underwear, **20% off.**

Corsets—Regular $2.25 and $3.25 **To Clear, $1.00.**

Scarfs, silk knit, regular $1.75 to $3.00. **To clear, $1.00.**

We sell Kotex, **49c.**

The Leading Millinery House

Overcoat Bargains

See our boys' warm winter Overcoats at $5.95, $7.95 and $9.95

Men's and Young Men's Blue Overcoats at $14.50, $17.50, $20. and $22

Clearing out all our Colored Overcoats at Money Saving Prices.

50 Coats are offered at 1/3 less regular prices.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor.

Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of George Wilburn Gibbard.

All persons having claims against the estate of George Wilburn Gibbard, late of the Town of Napanee, Ontario, manufacturer, deceased, who died on or about the 12th day of January, 1929, are hereby notified to send in to the National Trust Company, Limited, on or before the first day of March, 1929, full particulars of their claims. Immediately after the said first day of March, 1929, the assets of the testator will be distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which the executors shall then have notice.

National Trust Company, Limited
20 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.
and R. A. Daly,
Executors.

By Herrington, Warner & Grange,
Napanee, Ontario.
Their Solicitors Herein.

Dated at Napanee this 24th day of January, 1929. 10-d

FOR SALE—Tudhope Anderson Wagons, 2½ in. tire, 40, 44 wheels, $95.00. SPENCER & SON. 11-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—Gas Service Station, residence and lot on Roblin's Hill, on Kingston Highway. Apply to JOHN WILSON. 9-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

50 ACRE FARM FOR SALE—The Conger farm, about two miles from Napanee on River Road. Choice location. For immediate sale. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 10-bp

FOR SALE—Valuable property, corner Dundas and West Sts., the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry, together with the adjoining house on the south. Property will be sold separately or together. This property must be sold at once to wind up the estate. Apply to E. J. POLLARD, Executor.

FOR SALE—House and lot in the Village of Bath, north half lot one, west of First street, known as the residence of the late John Forester. For particulars apply to T. B. German, Napanee, Ont.; R. J. Allison, Adolphustown, Ont.; or Margaret Forester, Niagara Falls, Ontario. 8-tf

FOR SALE—Farm property of the late Elias Jackson, consisting of Lot 41, Concession 6, and part lot 42, Township of Camden, containing 150 acres, more or less, also, lots in the tenth and eleventh Concessions of the Township of Portland, which are said to be good wood lots. For particulars apply Cunningham & Smith, Solicitors, Kingston, or The Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association, Toronto, Ontario. 10

Private Sale!

—OF—

Household Furniture

Bedding, Dishes, Kitchen Equipment.

All the contents of the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry will be offered by Private Sale, at the family residence, commencing

Wednesday, January 23rd

and following days.

All must be sold to close up the estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of George Whittington, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the ELEVENTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D., 1929, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Estate

Dated this 11th day of January, 1929. 8-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Alvena Hartman, late of the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the NINTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D., 1929, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 56 of Chapter 150, R. S. O., 1927.

U. M. WILSON, K.C.,
Solicitor for said Estate.

Dated January 10, 1929. 8-d

Buy Dr. Hess' Stock Food in the 100 lb. drum ($12.00) or in the 25 lb. pail, $3.50. It comes much cheaper this way. The value of Dr. Hess' is unquestioned by the dozens and dozens of farmers in this community who have tried it, and who enthusiastically recommend it to their neighbors. It also comes in 65c. and 1.50 packages, at WALLACE'S, Napanee agents.

GALA GATHERING AT W. I. BANQUET

Judging from the crowd of 250 mothers and daughters assembled at the Women's Institute banquet on Thursday evening, one can easily know that women are deeply interested in the work of the Institute, that has one of the noblest mottoes, namely, "For Home and Country." Our fine, newly decorated and renovated town hall, with its splendidly equipped kitchen, was much admired by all present. At 6.30 the guests partook of a bountiful banquet arranged on tables so beautifully decorated with the colors of the Institute, of orange and blue candles and marigolds at intervals carried out the color scheme. Many members very efficiently served the guests.

Mrs. Ralph Ham, the versatile President, acted as toastmistress. In a few well chosen word she gave a brief description of the birth and phenomenal growth of the Institute.

The Misses Scott, in their usual brilliant style, rendered a fine duet. Community singing, under the eladersip of Mrs. R. Valkman and Mrs. C. Reid, was much enjoyed by all. In proposing the toast to the King the president remarked that she knew every guest was joining with her in wishing for King George a complete and speedy recovery.

The toast to Home and Country was taken by Mrs. Alex MacGregor. Bits of humour in anecdotes and poetry added spice to this rather serious subject. The speaker emphasized the following attributes to a model home—art, music, thrift, benevolence and sunshine. Mrs. M. B. Judson, in replying, in well chosen words related the many ways in which the W. I. were trying to encourage the same. Very encouraging indeed was her report on the effects of W. I. work on our foreign population. Urging that we speak the little words of kindness everywhere, she was assured there would be sunshine in every home.

Ever favourites with music lovers, Mrs. Epplett and Miss Kane delighted the audience with a splendid rendering of Shubert's "Serenade." They graciously responded to an enthusiastic encore. Miss Baughan added much to the duett by her brilliant accompaniment.

Miss Lois Stalker, a brilliant N. C. I. pupil, proposed the toast to the mothers. By request, her address is reported in full.

Madam Chairman, Mothers and Daughters:

I feel highly honored in being asked to-night to propose the toast to the very dearest of mortals. We are gathered here together, mothers and daughters—mother paying our way as she has always done—always paying. First in tiny stitches, then in patience and perseverence as we grew through childhood—then in tears. Tears for our losses, our successes, our disappointments. Tears, too, for our successes, our small triumphs, our joys.

Mother!—She means infinitely more than we can ever guess, can ever appreciate, can ever repay. Mother!—The emblem for truth and honour, that goads us on to success—success that we may lay it at her feet as a recompense for all she has laid on the altar of her love—beauty, youth, heart and soul.

And is it worth it? To us, of course, it is. Mother gives—we take. There is no way in which we can ever repay her for her years of service. There is no squaring the debt. We owe her all. But through mother's service, she makes of us women, who are worthy of her. She gives us high ideals, beautiful dreams. She makes of us women. Women like herself, true to her ideals, worthy to be her successors. And so then, we are soon the mothers; we pass on our own mothers' years of service to our children. On down through the ages it is an endless chain. We pay, in the same currency as she gave in—but not to our mothers. We pay, but our mothers can never be cast off as a debtor discharged—Nor would we have it so. It is our duty and joy to always feel in our debt—to always feel that mother can still be our dearest friend.

Perhaps none of us shall ever know just what motherhood costs, what sacrifices it involves, until we ourselves have experienced it. But this we know: At whatever cost, mothers have made themselves the centre of their daughters' lives; confident, confessor, helper and friend—and through all our lives we know we shal cling to her as to life itself.

Thousands of stars in the pretty
sky,
Thousands of shells on the shore
together;
Thousands of birds that go singing by,
Thousands of bees in the sunny
weather;
Thousands of dewdrops to greet
the dawn,
Thousands of lambs in the purple clover;
Thousands of butterflies on the
lawn,
But only one mother the wide
world over.

So, daughters, let us drink together—to our mothers.

In reply Mrs. Kimmerly very feelingly responded by relating some means by which mothers may become more efficient and perfect models to their daughters. Mothers were urged to stand firm to the principles of right and honour. Mrs. Fred Ham, the district president, expressed her appreciation as guest of the Women's Institute.

The principal speaker of the evening, Mrs. Louise Towriss, of Athens, chose as her topic, Woman—an Enigma. The speaker, who is an author as well as a journalist, recited a poem of her own composition, written especially for the occasion entitled "Let us be Pals." Wit and humour, pathos and gladness left not one moment of her address uninteresting. Her abundance of humorous anecdotes and sparkling poetry caused much merriment. Taking the letters of the word W o m a n, she related five ideal attributes, namely: Wisdom, optimism, motherhood, appreciation and neighborliness.

She emphasized that women have a great responsibility, for like a polygon, she has so many sides to her life that one can scarcely nkow how great her influence is.

Mrs. G. Switzer and Miss Alma Thompson, in very appropriate words gave a message of appreciation to Mrs. Towriss. In response Mrs. Towriss recited two very new poems. The singing of "O Canada" brought to a close this most enjoyable banquet and programme.

LAKE SHORE HIGHWAY.

Napanee, Ont.
30th January, 1929.

To the Editor
Napanee Express.

Dear Sir:—

There is appearing in papers enjoying a large circulation, within the County of Lennox, Addington and Frontenac, letters urging the immediate construction of what has come to be known as the Kingston Adolphustown Highway. The principal argument used in its favor is the delightful scenery. This no one wants to deny, or eventually the necessity of re-buiilding the road as a highway, but there appears to be a strong feeling, that as this road at the present time is in fairly good condition, and outside of a possible chance of a snow storm blocking it during the winter, is passable all seasons of the year.

There are in the interior and rear of this county, roads on which farmers depend on getting their produce to markets and returning with necessary supplies, roads that in order not to prevent further development of the country, must be attended to.

I may be allowed to give one instance. On the Roblin to Napanee Road, just north of Selby, early in January, it was impossible to move a car up one of the hills without assistance. Cars arriving at the foot had to be unloaded, and the occupants get out and push. In this case three cars were stalled at one time, and as one of the cars carried a grist, this had to be carried up the hill by the owner on his back.

Other instances could be given where it was impossible to move from the immediate vicinity of the home, owing to the real impassable state of the roads. We know that we must expect this, for a time in a new country, but I am of the opinion, it is more important to the future of our county, to get passable roads at the present time, so that all may get to markets, before we spend money on such luxuries as Scenic Highways for tourists.

Yours very truly,
A. S. HUGHSON.

Wallace's are special agents for Aladdin mantles, chimneys, wicks and other Aladdin supplies.

DESERONTO ROAD.

We understand that control is acquired by a Montreal firm, of "Quality Canners," of which the Associated Quality Canners factory, Deseronto, is one. A. R. Whittall Can. Company, is the Parent Company. Two new directors were elected. E. C. Metcalfe is one of the directors as before. The National Canners' Association of United States and Canada met in Chicago last Tuesday, Mr. E. C. Metcalfe being there

The old friends of Mr. Elmer Amey (who formerly resided on this road) were very sorry to hear that he met with a bad accident the other day, breaking his arm while cranking a car.

A very pleasant evening was spent last week when Mr. and Mrs. Byron Rose entertained a number of their neighbors to tea. All expressed themselves as having a splendid time.

Mrs. Samuel Thomas is on the sick list again. All her friends hope for a speedy recovery soon.

Quite a large number of ladies attended the banquet in Napanee on Thursday evening, Jan. 31st, under the auspices of the Napanee Women's Institute. The menu was good and the program fine. All report a pleasant evening.

Mrs. J. C. Moore and daughter, Grace, of Wesley, attended the Mother and Daughter banquet at Napanee Thursday evening and spent the next day visiting Mrs. Moore's daughters, Mrs. Percy VanVlack and Mrs. Harold McCaul

A word about Trusses! Like any other article a truss made by an expert should be, and is, superior to one made by an amateur. We handle Elastic and Spring Trusses, made by a firm with over half a century in this business, and many years of experience enables us to guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. WALLACE'S Napanee Agents.

A few drops of Vapure on the handkerchief almost instantly relieves head colds—and besides it is a valuable aid in preventing "Flu". Sold in 50c. bottles at WALLACE'S.

BELLEVILLE PRESBYTERIAL

The third annual meeting of the Belleville Presbyterial of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada, was held in Trenton United Churches on Wednesday and Thursday, January 23rd and 24th, with one hundred and twelve accredited delegates in attendance. All the Secretaries gave splendid reports of the year's work and handed out many useful suggestions for the delegates to carry home to the various Auxiliaries.

Miss Jessie Weir, of Central India, was the main speaker and she pictured the wonderful change that India is undergoing at the present time and pleaded for more workers to carry on.

Mrs. J. L. Ross, of Bloomfield, gave an interesting talk on the subject, "Our Task as W.M.S. Workers." The Quiet Half Hour taken by Mrs. E. Farnsworth, of Belleville, was an inspiration.

The President, Mrs. S. C. Gay, gave a splendid address and said she was thoroughly convinced that this is the most important work in the world today, as it was planned by God Himself. An "In Memoriam service" was held for those who have passed to their reward. Rev. W. D. Harrison brought greetings from the Presbytery, and Holy Communion was solemnly conducted by Reverends Harrison, Jones, Brethen and White. Mrs. M. C. Wilson was in charge of the election and the two pastors installed the new officers. Rev. Jones said that next to Homemaking, this was the greatest task for women to engage in.

At the Executive Meeting the following items were put through. (1) As requested by Branch, the names of Mrs. W. H. Hicks, Mrs. T. H. P. Anderson, Mrs. F. L. Hooper, Mrs. J. L. Ross, and Mrs. E. Farnsworth were submitted to receive literature and be available to speak when needed; (2) Sample copies of "Missionary Monthly" are to be sent Presidents of Auxiliaries who haven't any subscribers, with a request that they form a club.

The following officers were elected for 1929:

President—Mrs. S. C. Gay.

Vice Presidents—Madoc Section, Mrs. W. H. Hicks, Tweed; Napanee North, Mrs. T. H. P. Anderson, Newburgh; Napanee South, Mrs. Fred L. Hooper, Napanee; Picton, Mrs. J. L. Ross, Bloomfield; Belleville, Mrs. E. Farnsworth, Belleville.

Rcording Sertary—Mrs. E. L. Fraser, Trenton.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Geo. Switzer, Napanee.

Treasurer—Mrs. J. D. Mills, Stirling.

Secretary Christian Stewardship and Finance—Mrs. R. M. Seymour, Napanee.

Secretary of Work for Young Women—Miss Robina Templeton, Belleville.

Secretary of C.G.I.T. Groups—Miss Winnifred Pearce, Wellington.

Secretary of Mission and Baby Bands—Mrs. E. W. Rowland, Stirling.

Associate Helpers' Secretary—Mrs. F. O. Bennett, Shannonville.

Supply Secretary—Miss Alma Thompson, Napanee.

Strangers' Secretary—Miss Alice Hume, Stirling.

Literature Secretary—Mrs. A. C. Davis, Adolphustown.

"Missionary Monthly" Secretary—Mrs. H. Hill, Belleville.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Percy McMillan, (Mount Pleasant) Rawdon.

Temperance Secretary—Mrs. A. D. Way, Picton.

Finance Committee—Mrs. R. M. Seymour, Mrs. J. D. Mills, Mrs. D. B. Wilson, Mrs. George Finlay, Miss Ida Reddick.

Nominating Committee—Mrs. W. H. Hicks, Mrs. Fred L. Hooper, and the Presidents of John St., Belleville, Picton United, Camden Eight, Hawley and Eldorado auxiliaries.

Delegates to Conference Branch Meeting—Mrs. H. A. Carscallen, Mrs. J. G. Sills, Mrs. G. W. Rivers, Mrs. Bruce Robertson, Mrs. W. D. Williams, Mrs. G. Deroche, Mrs. W. Wagar, Mrs. Clayton Reid.

Alternates—Mrs. Dr. Baker, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. F. A. Comberford, Mrs. W. P. Woodger, Mrs. W. F. Osborne, Mrs. A. Baldwin.

Respectfully submitted by Florence M. MacMullen, Press Secretary, Belleville Presbyterial.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

These are very busy days for the men. The time is growing short for all the work that must be done, wood-sutting, hauling etc.

The sawing outfit operated by Murphy & Bell has moved from C. Rombough's to Herbert Loyst's and expects to start work soon.

Mumps are prevalent in our locality.

We are sorry to hear that Rev. Mr. Plant is ill again.

A number from here attended the Mother and Daughter Banquet held in Napanee on January 31st. by the Women's Institute and enjoyed the address of Mrs. Towriss, of Athens, who is an able speaker.

Mr. Lawrence Magee and mother, Mrs. W. J. Magee attended the funeral of the late Robert Delong on Thursday in Napanee.

Our high school students spent the week-end at their homes.

Mr. Harold Magee is busily occupied doing custom-sawing.

Hunt's delicious chocolates, fast becoming "Canada's Favorites," are sold in Napanee at WALLACE'S, sole agents. A fresh supply each week.

CAMDEN EAST.

A variety shower was held in the Parish Hall on Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Hinch. There was a good turnout, which testified to the esteem in which the young couple were held. They got a beautiful walnut buffet and mantel clock and numerous other gifts. A pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jeffrey and Mrs. W. Cameron, of Glenvale, visited at the home of Garnet Jeffrey for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Histed and family, of Deseronto, spent Sunday with his father, Mr. C. Histed.

Mrs. Hawley spent a week in Kingston visiting at the home of Mr. K. Amey.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sigsworth Harrowsmith, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. C. Histed.

The candy and nut social was a success on Friday evening in the United Hall. Mrs. P. Wilson and Mr. Earl Williams won the lucky tickets, which gives them a free entrance to the next social which will be held in two weeks time.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black spent the week-end in Newburgh guests of Dr. Huxtable.

The Ladies' Institute met at the home of Mrs. G. Black on Friday afternoon. Over seventy people were present. The ladies of the Yarker and Colebrook Institute were invited to give the program, which was enjoyed by all. Four new members were added to the Institute. A dainty lunch was served.

DESERONTO.

At the nomination meeting held in the town hall on Monday evenig last to fill the vacancy in the town council, several men were nominated. Of these the only one to qualify was C. H. Sagar, so that he is elected by acclamation.

The nnual meeting of the Anglican Women's Auxiliary in the Parish of St. Mark, Deseronto, was held Tuesday afternoon, January 29th, 1929. The reports read by the secretary and treasurer were most satisfactory and encouraging. The following officers were elected for the New Year: President, Mrs. Radcliffe; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Geo. D. Smith; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. A. E. Rixen; secretary, Mrs. John Dalton; treasurer, Miss V. Smith; Dorcas secretary, Mrs. Frank Gaylord; delegate to annual meeting, Mrs. Edward Smith; substitute ,Mrs. Malcolm Oliver.

Mrs. Edward Smith ,president of the Junior girls reported a successful year's work. Mrs. Radcliffe reported for "The Little Helpers." The future looks very bright for these organizations.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gravell have returned to Milford, Conn., after visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. Poste.

Mr. Clinton Poste has returned to Detroit.

Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer left on Friday to visit her son, Amos, in Kingston.

The Royal Templars held a social evening in their hall. There was a large crowd in attendance and they enjoyed to the utmost the program and dance that followed.

Frank and Margaret Whitton, of Oshawa and Toronto respectively, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Whitton.

Mrs. Charles Maconn, of Campbellford, president of the Women's Institute and a provincial speaker, visited her uncle, Mr. D. Kingsbury, during her attendance at the Mohawk agricultural meetings.

The banquet closing the annual Mohawk agricultural meeting was well attended. Among the speakers were Charles Hanna, Mr. Thomas Brant, the Rev. Mr. Pringle, Mr. Sexsmith, representative of the Department of Agriculture, E. Moses, an O.A.C. graduate and a member of the Board of Directors of the Poughman's Association of Ontario, Mr. Pearson, representative of Eastern Ontario Seedmen's Association, and Mrs. Charles Maconn, president of Womens Institute. The musical program consisted of solos by Mr. V. G. Pierce of Deseronto, quartet numbers by the Komedy Kids Quartet. Mrs. Watson presided at the piano. The program was followed by a dance.

A party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Whitton last week.

The box social held in McCullough's Hall under the auspices of the Prentice Boys, was well attended. All who were present report that they spent an enjoyable evening at cards and dancing

SAD TALE OF A TAIL.

Putty-Nose Monkeys Eat Their Cold-Storage Tails.

A putty nose and a tail a yard long are among the attractions possessed by a monkey newly placed in the famous London Zoo. It comes from the African Gold Coast. These monkeys have weak circulations in their tails, for the blood has to be pumped so far by the heart. A touch of cold weather, and the tail wilts like a dahlia in a frost. After stormy blasts in the Bay of Biscay the average length of the decoration when the creature reaches England is from six inches to a foot. Even if the tail is still all there, it has been blighted and fades away in the Zoo.

Many putty-nosed monkeys eat their cold-storage tails. They are quite given to this habit until the Zoo uses a certain red ointment, which spoils the flavor.

The new putty-nose was brought to England in wonderful condition by the donor, a Mr. Woodward, who is a laboratory expert at the Medical Research Institute at Sekondi, where the yellow fever scourge is tackled.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
Feb. 4th, 1929.

Council met in regular session, Mayor Howitt presiding.

Present—Reeve Tustin and Councillors C. N. Loucks, W. G. Paul, J. H. Fitzpatrick, C. A. Wiseman, E. O. Ungar.

Minutes of previous session were read and on motion adopted.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From City of London re amendment to Municipal Act. Fyled.

From Ontario Prohibition Union in reference to appeal to Government to prevent export of liquor to the United States. Fyled.

From Union of Canadian Municipalities asking for membership fee, $10.00. Fyled.

An expression of thanks from Mrs. Geo. Gibbard for the town's resolution of sympathy. Fyled.

A notice from the Ontario Municipal Roads Association asking the town to send a delegate.

On motion of Couns. Paul and Fitzpatrick, Reeve Tustin was named a delegate.

An application from Robt. Bonner as caretaker of the town hall. Referred to Town Property Committee.

Coun. Daly moved a vote of thanks to the Mayor and artists who took part in the Radio Broadcast.

An application from the Firemen for a raise of $15.0 each in salary. Referred to Fire and Water Committee to report.

Coun. Daly presented an estimate of the receipts and expenditure of the town for this year. Should the town pay all the accumulated overdraft and spend not quite as much money as last year, the tax rate will be from 57 to 60 mills on the dollar. Report adopted.

Mr. Unger reported the opening of the town stone quarry. Report adopted.

Moved by Mr. Unger, seconded by Mr. Daly, that the price to be paid for stone should be $1.25 per yard. Any excess over this amount to be charged to Social Welfare Committee.

Referred back to Streets Committee and Social Welfare Committee to report.

The Fire and Water Committee reported that a 45-foot ladder some rubber boots and coats were needed and asked that the above be purchased by the Committee. Report adopted, on motion of Couns. Loucks and Fitzpatrick.

The Parks Committee reported that some dead trees had been cut. Report adopted.

The Town Property Committee reported asking further time to report on the application of Mr. Chambers as caretaker of the town hall, and recommended some repairs to the hose tower. Report adopted.

The Market and Police Committee reported instructing the Chief of Police to rigidly impose the traffic by-law.

Also that the carters may still use the Campbell House yard as a stand.

Also expressed their appreciation of the night policemen in arresting two men with a stolen motor car from Hamilton.

The Light and Social Welfare Committee reported that the erection of the new lights will commence on Tuesday morning. Report adopted.

Mr. C. L. Storey asked for the use of the town hall for the Rumley Tractor School on Monday, Feb. 25th.

Referred to Town Property Committee with power to act.

Mr. J. M. Simpson appeared before the Council asking for the usual grant for the V.O.N.

On motion $500 was granted, to be drawn when required.

Mr. Simpson also asked that action be taken to close a part of Church street, which has been designated ,but not opened. Referred to town clerk to report.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

W. H. Grass	$ 2 00
J. L. Boyes & Son	2 55
C. I. Maybee	52 50
M. Shetlor	10 00
J. H .Fitzpatrick	25 00
W. H. Hunter & Son	18 30
E. H. Asselstine	30 00
E. Pringe	5 25
E. J. Pollard	2 00
F. P. Smith & Son	6 50
F. Carter	85 00
Broadcast accounts	52 50

Council adjourned.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE LEGION STAG PARTY.—Cards and refreshments, to be held Wednesday, Feb. 6th, at 8 p.m. All returned men of the district wlcome. Rooms, Oddfellow Block. General meetings, 7.30 p.m.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Sunday School Room of Trinity United Church, under the direction of Victorian Or-of Nurses. 5-tf

Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., will give an "At Home" in their lodge rooms on Wednesday, January 30th, Wednesday, February 20th, and Wednesday, March 20th. Members and their friends are cordially invited. Dancing and cards. Walters' orchestra.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D.
(Editor of the Sunday School Times).

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

Sunday, Feb. 10—Isaiah 1: 10-20; Ezekiel 18:20-23, 27-32; Mark 2:1-12; Luke 3:1-14, 15: 14-24; Acts 2: 32-39; Hebrews 11:1-10.

Golden Text—Repent ye, and believe the Gospel. (Mark 1:15).

The question is sometimes discussed whether faith alone is the secret of salvation for the sinner, or whether there must be repentance as well as faith. This lesson answers the question. There can be no true repentance without faith, and there can be no true faith without repentance. Each requires the other.

The Isaiah passage records God's stern and unsparing rebuke of those who mistakenly thought they could offer Him faith without repentance. To the people of Judah, who were scrupulously careful in burnt offerings and sacrifices, but whose lives were full of sin, God said their sacrifices and expressions of "faith" counted for nothing. He called upon them to turn from their sins. If they would do this, and thereby show their real faith in Him, He made the precious promise: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

A similar uncompromising call to repentance was given to Israel through Ezekiel. God showed that the result of sin must be death. But He also showed that repentance and—turning away from sin, in faith, means life for the sinner. "So iniquity shall not be your ruin."

Let us notice that the word "repentance" means regret or sorrow for sin, and a change of mind, because of this sorrow or regret, concerning sin. This is possible for the sinner only by the work of the Holy Spirit in the sinner's life.

Faith is equally the gift of God in men. It is tremendous in its possibilities, and can even lay hold of blessings for others, as the Mark passage shows. A helpless paralytic, evidently diseased because of sin, was brought to Christ and healed and saved because of the faith of four friends. The Lord first told him his sins were forgiven; then He worked the miracle of bodily healing. We are told it was because "Jesus saw their faith." Are we daring to trust the Lord for the spiritual healing of loved ones?

John the Baptist gave his generation a message similar to that of Isaiah and Ezekiel. He called upon men to repent, and told them plainly what their sins were, and what repentance would mean for them.

The parable of the Prodigal Son is an immortal story of repentance. The sin is plainly set forth, springing from selfishness and unrestrained lust. But misery resulting from sin follows, as it always does, sooner or later. Repentance does not always follow, but it did here. "I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him; Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." Here was full recognition of sin; purpose to return to him who loved him, and to whom he owed love; complete confession of sin; no attempted self-defense; true humility in forfeiting all recognition and taking a low place. With all this was a plea for the grace, not the justice, of the father, and that is both repentance and faith. God's response to such repentance and faith is beautifully shown. When the son confessed that he deserved nothing, the father gave him everything.

All sin is against God, but the greatest sin against God is the rejection of His Son. Peter's great sermon on the day of Pentecost pierced the heart of Israel with this charge: "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." When they cried out to ask what they should do, then the answer came: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." There are repentance and faith in one command. It is the only way today.

A fitting conclusion to this lesson is given in the great chapter called the "Westminster Abbey of Faith," Hebrews 11. God here shows that from the earliest times faith was the only way by which sinners could come to God or please God.

Faith gives substance to things hoped for. Faith is the conviction of things not seen.

By faith men of old obtained a good report.

By faith, not by science or human wisdom, we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God," things seen not being made of things materially visible.

Abel's blood sacrifice pleased God, offered in faith in God's way of salvation, and Cain's faithless offering was acceptable.

Faith made it impossible for Enoch, who walked with God, to be translated without tasting of death—a type and forgleam of the coming translation of the Church at the Lord's return.

It is impossible for any one to please God without faith; only by faith can one believe that God is and that He rewards those that diligently seek Him.

Faith saved Noah and his family out of a doomed world, and gave him eternal righteousness in the next world.

Faith meant Abraham's obedience to God, not seeing where He went, but believing Him who directed him.

And by faith Abraham, counting himself only a pilgrim on this earth, looked confidently for his final home in a "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

BOOTS, SHOES AND MARKETS

By R. J. DEACHMAN.

The Bureau of Statistics has published its report in the boot and shoe industry for the calendar year 1927. It makes interesting reading. Production of boots and shoes in Canada in 1927 totalled 47,373,549. Imports amounted to $2,800,975 and exports to $275,095. Consumption of boots and shoes (excepting rubbers) amounted therefore to $49,898,431. Not imports constitute 5.6% of total consumption The Canadian shoe manufacturers control the Canadian market, control it more completely than ever before.

The fact is interesting because it points a moral. Canadian industry has made more progress during the last few years than in any other period of Canadian history. That is a truism. It is perhaps more logically stated if we say—Canadian history has made progress because the tariff has been reduced. That is always true of Canadian industry—there is a direct and logical relationship between Canadian industrial progress and the amount of tariff protection. Reduction of the tariff always leads to expansion—increase of tariff checks development, restricts immigration, increases emigration, lowers wealth production. The reasons for this are self-evident.

There was no official census of the boot and shoe industry in 1914, the last pre-war year. There was, however, a census in 1911 and 1915. The former gave the value of production at $53,987,000, the latter is $34,064,696. We would be safe therefore in stating that production in 1914 was approximately $34,000,000. Imports during the same period (fiscal year 1914) amounted to $4,229,563. Exports were $82,529—total consumption $38,147,034, percentake of imports to total consumption 11%, or almost double the percentage of imports in 1927. As the tariff has been reduced there has been a steadily increased participation of the Canadian manufacturers in the home market. He holds 94.6% of the home market. He serves over 5% more of the market than he did before the war—he has an absolute monopoly broken only by 5.5% of imports.

THEY WANT MORE.

The shoe manufacturers however are not satisfied. Their argument is—give us the whole market. They ask that the tariff be raised so as to exclude imports or putting it in the words of Mr. Geo. A. Blachford, President of the Shoe Manufacturer's Association of Canada, "The shoe manufacturing industry has not abondoned the hope that some relief against the growing menace of importations may be provided by the government by an increase in the tariff against English footwear and by legislation which will safeguard the Canadian industry against importation from the United States at value below the cost of production." In the light of the facts the words "growing menace" must be understood in a Pickwickian sense.

The change which has taken place between 1914 and 1927 has been due to reductions in the tariff of Canada. The lowering of the tariff has increased purchasing power. Just as in the case of automobiles a lowered tariff brought about lower prices, so in shoes the reduction held prices down and enabled the people to buy more than they otherwise would have bought. The natural result followed—there was money saved to the consumer—the home market was increased—not the shoe industry alone, but all industry. The result was the record years of 1927-28—a prosperity which would have been impossible without the reduction of the tariff.

ASK EMBARGOS.

The suggestion made by the shoe manufacturers amounts to this:—Embargo all imports of shoes, give us this additional market and we will manufacture more cheaply and still further reduce shoe prices. Unfortunately this could not happen. The importations from the U.S. are largely "style products" for which there is a limited demand —the English imports while comprising men's shoes to a large extent are also in a sense style products which will be sold in a certain volume regardless of price. An increased tariff unless made fantastically high would not exclude all imports. Tariffs when raised must be raised all along the line—they tend to creep upward. The result is that cost of production goes up and selling price follows cost of production. It is not what the manufacturers of shoes want to do, but what they must do under higher tariffs which decides the selling price.

The claim is made that if the imported shoes were manufactured in Canada there would be increased employment. That sounds reasonable if only a superficial view is taken—to look at it in that way reveals a childish and superficial mind. Imports amounted to $2,800,000. The wage required to produce these shoes would amount to approximately $700,000. But it by no means follows that these wages would be earned if the tariff were increased. These shoes were imported because they could be purchased for less money if imported than if they were purchased at home. A saving was therefore affected that left more money to be spent in Canada in shoes or in something else, thus giving more employment. Shoe price under increased tariff would go up. The increase would affect not only imported shoes but Canadian shoes and it would take a very small increase in the price of shoes (less than 2½%) to bring about an increase in the cost of shoes greater than the entire amount of wages earned by making in Canada every pair of shoes now imported. Does any one imagine that a substantial increase in the tariff would not involve a greater increase than this in the price of shoes. Call as witnesses the hundreds of manufacturers who have pleaded before the tariff board for lowered duties on raw materials. Everyone understands that tariffs increase prices, none more clearly than the Canadian manufacturer.

Surely the wiser course was followed when the government lowered the duty. Production in 1927 was over 3,000,000 pairs greater than in 1925—3,500,000 pairs greater than in 1921. The production for the first 10 months of 1928 was almost equal to the full year 1925. Wage and salaries paid in the industry in 1927 were $1,300,000 greater than in 1925. Is it better to increase production by lowering prices and increasing consumption or to decrease production by increasing price and lowering consumption demand? That is the choice the Canadian people must make, the choice they have made in every election since 1921. The record of the year 1928 proves the wisdom of the decision made.

Here and There

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A skin game.—Two young boys living 30 miles northwest of Edmonton started a coyote farm in 1927 by digging young coyotes out of the ground and confining them in a pen. They got 140 young animals and when their skins were mature sold them for $12 each.

A southern packing plant specializes upon horse meat for shipment to parts of Continental Europe where it is very popular. It has been suggested that the nondescript range horses straying about Southern Alberta be herded for packing purposes. It is a pity someone could not figure out a similar way of consuming some of the old motor cars that are loose on the highways.

Twenty oil burners measuring overall 97 feet in length and weighing 725,000 pounds have been ordered by the Canadian Pacific Railway and will be in passenger and freight service through the mountains this summer. Each of them will do the work of two or more of the lighter locomotives. They are the largest in the British Empire and will revolutionize transportation in the west, it is predicted.

Victoria is having a mid winter golf tournament open to members of the local clubs and to guests of the Empress Hotel, and the players won't have to play in mittens and fur coats, either. In the east they have a game called winter golf that they play with bow and arrow on skies or snowshoes, but the golf at Victoria is the legitimate article. The game is played the year round in the equable climate of the Pacific coast.

Unique and luxurious cars, differing from anything operated in this country before, will be carried by the two crack trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Trans-Canada Limited between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, and the Mountaineer, from Chicago to the Pacific coast, it has been announced. The cars will have bath rooms, valet service, lounge and smoking space, and a solarium, with vita-glass windows.

The sea is constantly productive of tales of adventure. A recently told story is that about Commander S. Robinson, O.B.E., of the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of France who turned his ship into the face of a hurricane and went 60 miles out of his course to take aid to injured seamen on a storm tossed Japanese freighter. The great liner waited beside the freighter, which had been badly battered by the huge waves and some members of whose crew had been injured, but found it impossible for boats to pass between the two ships to convey a doctor. After more than half a day the master of the Japanese ship reported that he could make port, and the Empress of France continued on her interrupted voyage.

Will It Help Business To Mark Time?

By 1934 Ontario and Quebec will need a million telephones and the Bell Telephone Company wants new money to provide them.

The company does not want any money from Parliament. It only wants permission to try to sell new shares to investors.

The investors will supply the money if they are allowed to. If they are not allowed to, the telephone system must mark time.

In 48 years the telephone company has never suggested nor received a government grant; it only asks freedom to take further part in Canada's progress.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

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PRUNING TO MAKE STRONG FRUIT TREES

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The loss entailed each year by the breaking down of fruit trees is in a large measure avoidable if proper care is taken in the early years of the tree. A great deal of the damage is a result of poor crotches or a poorly shaped head, judged by the standards of strength. Unfortunately, when judged by the standards of sanitation, the open centre is perhaps a tride better than the modified leader type, which is the type we are going to talk about.

The modified system consists in allowing the central leader to grow to a height of four or five feet, or even more if a high headed tree is desired. Along this central leader branches are selected to form the main framework of the tree. Probably not more than six will be kept and these will be well spaced around the leader to get a well balanced head. As soon as the upper most branch has been selected, the leader is cut off at this point. This gives a tree with a central axis for about five feet, with branches radiating from it, which is a much stronger tree than the old open centre or vase-shaped tree which is frequently seen.

A word about selecting branches for the framework. Some branches tend to grow upwards at a very sharp angle to the main stem. This sharp angle makes a weak crotch and such branches should not be selected. Try to get branches which are forming more of a right angle to the main stem. This can better be accomplished when the selection is made from branches two years old. Very good branches have not adopted their real angle of growth and it is difficult to make a proper selection.

TO PROTECT WILD LIFE.

Society for the Preservation of Fauna In the Empire.

"Locarno" for the protection of wild animals has been suggested by the Belgian ambassador to Great Britain.

The occasion was a meeting of a society which is handicapped with a long name—the Society for the Preservation of Fauna in the Empire. It is, in simpler words, a society for the Retention of animals and its objects are to prevent the avarice of museums hunters, and collectors from exterminating wild beasts in their native haunts.

Sir Francis Newton spoke of the depletion of elephant herds by poachers, and poin ed out that the danger was in the lack of combined laws between the controlling African Powers.

The society, working with kindred societies in foreign countries, is endeavoring to bring abou a uniform veto upon the selling of illegally shot animals between the Imperial South African, Belgian and Portuguese Governments, which would be a great step for the preservation of almost dying species.

Dr. Derscheid, the Belgian secretary of the International Society for the Protection of Nature, for example, doubted if there were more than 500 gorillas alive in the great stretches of the Congo. He told of the 6,000 square miles of sanctuary for wild nature which the Belgian Government, hough King Albert's initiative, has now established near Lake Kivu.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.

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EVERLASTING FLOWERS

Homes that do not have the advantage of flowering bulbs during the winter months can be brightened by the use of more of the varieties of flowers that retain their color when dried. There are several kinds of these flowers, and all of them easily grown in ordinary garden soil. Bulletin No. 60 of the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, entitled "Annual Flowers," names eight kinds of annual plants that are useful for this purpose. Of each of these there are a number of varieties yielding flowers in many beautiful colours. Most of these plants are burdened with long and difficult names, but as each is described in the bulletin, one can readily make wise selections when determining which to grow.

The bulletin contains many other classes of plants suitable for such purposes as edging beds, screen for hedges, climbers, cut flowers, foliage plants, plants that grow in partial shade, and those that are drought resistant. It also includes a number of uncommon annuals possessing real merit.

This work is the result of may years of experimentation and study with thousands of varieties of annuals grown in plots, beds and borders at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. Copies are avilble at the Publications Brnch of the Department of Agriculuture, Ottawa.

A FINE LAWN GRASS

For the making of lawns there is probably no grass superior to what are known as the Bents, of which there are two varieties of outstanding value—Prince Edward Island Bent, botanically known as Agrostis tenuis, and Velvet Bent, Agrostis canina. The Dominion Seed Commissioner has been observing the characteristics of this grass, particularly on golf courses where the putting greens are required to be densely covered with a grass of fine texture. The growing of Prince Edward Island Bent seed is becoming an industry of considerable importance. The production of the seed is supervised by the inspectors of the Seed Branch, who examine the fields before harvesting and afterwards grade the seed for the trade. Prince Edward Island Bent, according to Seed Commissioner Clark, produces a very fine, close, dark green turf. It grows upright, spreads by short underground stems or rootstocks, and makes a fine lawn quickly from sowing. Watering is said to be required only during dry periods and experience has shown that the turf is highly resistant to what is known as "brown patch." In its native habitat the Bent grass grows well on lands ranging from dry to moist, and from light soils to clay loam, and even on soils that are strongly acid. It is claimed to have the further merit of persisting through dry or wet summers and stands exposure to severe winter conditions. For lawn making Prince Edward Island Bent may very safely be given a trial.

Too Many Laws.

In an article in the American Magazine, William S. Dutton takes up the question of the immense number of laws in the United States, and states that an investigation of counties, cities, State and Federal laws, leaving county ones out of the enumeration.

One State law, he says, has never been obeyed—and it never will.

It reads:

"When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop, and neither shall start until the other is gone."

Surely, in this case "the law is an ass!" remarks the Municipal Review.

Moth Squeaks.

The Death's Head moth emits squeaks almost as loud as those of a mouse.

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MUSHER MAD



"Quebec" says Sara Hamilton Birchall, in "Country Life", "goes musher mad". It is so. Every year, and this one more than ever. Go to Quebec between February 21st and 23rd. All you will hear is dog, dogs, huskies, mushers, St. Godard, Nolan, Chevrier, Seppala!—a score of other names. You will look at the big board in the Chateau lobby whereon the odds are shown, and you will wonder what it is all about. And then, perhaps, an enthusiastic soul will get you in a corner and tell you how on the third day of the last derby, the man who was considered in the running only for second place was held up by a freight train so long that his dogs shivered and began to stiffen, but won the 120 mile three day grind by a short minute or so; and how he was cheered and chaired, and how they come, these mushers, from all parts of the North Country with their dogs and hounds and huskies. You will pick your dogs, Siberians, Alaskans, or just plain dogs, and before the last entrant has started on the first lap on the first day, the fever will have caught you. You will see the first team drive panting home, the next and the next; the heroes o' Nome, the trail dogs from Le Pas, fine animals who know the Quebec woods trails and teams of dogs bred, reared and trained for this one great derby, dogs you wouldn't want, worth hundreds; dogs you could love, but who only know a trainer's hand, and will give allegiance but to him; dogs in fours and fives and sixes, straining eager, panting dogs with forty miles behind them and eighty before. Then you too are musher mad, and the rough, shaggy individual in fur and wool, whose moccasined feet had not yet fitted into your own ideas of things becoming, is invested in the aura of a hero and a knight. You scream his name as he mushes past. You hold your breath as the minutes tick before the next arrival. A team of mastiffs, greyhounds or mongrels, swings round a corner into sight. Then it is close. They have one minute in which to reach the goal, and win the first lap. You too, are musher mad. You watch the bulletin boards with excitement and wordily exchange the gossip of the racing stables. Then, when the great exhibition of strength and endurance is over, you can perhaps settle down to enjoy Quebec herself and those winter sports in which you are permitted to take a personal if not more strenuous part.

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder. "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others. See that Miss Fairfax is placed safely in the starboard, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready."

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed through the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck. Those about me could only be located by their restless movements. I stepped down one stair conscious of increasing movement below, the meat cleaver still gripped in my hands.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oui, m'sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?"

"Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without a leader."

"But they've got arms?"

"Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was goin' ter break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Clasp of the Sea.

The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. The rattle of steel told me some among them had reached the arm rack. There followed the crash of wood as though the butt of a gun had splintered a door panel. Then a voice pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Estevan. Now the real fight was on! I could hear the fellow question those about him, seeking to learn the situation.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bullies, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. Now then —to hell with 'em!"

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs. The first rush was reckless and deadly, the infuriated devils not yet realizing what they faced, but counting on force of numbers to crush our defense. Manuel led them yelling encouragement, and sweeping his cutlass, gripped with both hands, in desperate effort to break through. DeLasser caught its point with his blade while my cleaver missing him with its sharp edge, nevertheless dealt the fellow a blow which buried him back into the arms of the man behind. I saw nothing else in detail, the faint light barely revealing indistinct figures and gleam of steel. It was a pandemonium of blows and yells, strange faces appearing and disappearing, as men leaped desperately at us up the steps, and we beat them remorselessly back. I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his shrill voice urged on his fellows. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me, and DeLasser fell, a pike thrust through him. Who took his place I never knew, but a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.



The First Rush Was Reckless and Deadly.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lash of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. I struck until my arms ached, until my head reeled, scarcely conscious of physical action, yet aware of Manuel's shouts.

"Now you hell-hounds—now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go through, bullies —there is no other way to the deck. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you—go in outside the rail! Broth of hell! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the ruck beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the butt of a gun crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear of the deck, except for the dead under foot. When we stopped, not a fighting man was left within the sweep of our arms. They scurried back into the darkness like so many rats, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmitt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of assault. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first croak of his voice told his purpose.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his last word a shriek, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmitt roared out a Dutch oath, and his gun, sent whirling above me, crashed into the splitted torch. Again it was black night, through which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Watkins. The boats are ready. The one forward has pushed off loaded. The afterboat is alongside. There is such a fog, sir, yer can't see yer fatherand from the ship. The girl is in the boat, but LeVere ain't. The mate slipped out o' sight in the fog. He's somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Above back with the lads, Schmitt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed. I stared about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders. The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rail. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Satisfied that the lads were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell reached my ears from the blackness below—the hounds had found voice.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready, for a quick knife thrust slashed the front of my jacket, bringing a spurt of blood as the blade was jerked back. Even as my fingers gripped the uplifted wrist, ere he could strike the second time, I knew my antagonist. I knew also this was a fight to the death, to be terminated before that vanguard of crew below could attain the deck. It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and the ferocity of a tiger. I ripped the knife from his fingers, and we closed with bare hands, his voice uttering one appalling cry for help as I bore in on his windpipe. He was a snake, a cat, slipping out of my grasp as by some magic. At last I had him against the rail, the weight of us both so hard upon it that the stout wood broke, and we both went over, grappling until we splashed into the water below. The shock loosened my hold; as I fought a way back to the surface I was alone. My strength began to fail, hope left me as I sank deeper and deeper into the remorseless grip of the ocean. I was not afraid; my lips uttered no cry, no prayer—I drifted out into total unconsciousness and went down.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Open Boat.

I came back to a consciousness of pain, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in the sky overhead. I stared at these, vacant of thought, when a figure seemed to lean over me, and I caught the outline of a face, gazing eagerly down into my own. Instantly memory came back in a flash—this was not death, but life; I was in a boat with her. I could not move my hands, and my voice was but a hoarse whisper.



This Was Not Death—but Life.

"Mistress Fairfax—Dorothy!"

"Yes—yes," swiftly. "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall I do?"

He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close.

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"Sam did. He got a boat hook in your collar. We cust off when yer went overboard, and cruised about in the fog hunting fer yer. Who was it yer was fightin' with, sir?"

"LeVere."

"That's what I told the lads. He's a gonner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank. Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat, sir. They got away purst, an' we ain't had no sight or 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight. Harwood's in charge. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. Wus thet right?"

"All I could have told him. I haven't had an observation, and it is all guesswork. I know the American coast lies to that direction, but that is about all. I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. I must have been in bad shape when you pulled me in."

"We thought it was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some too, but only from flesh wounds. Yer young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two fer three hours, sir, afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. The mystery of the night and ocean was in her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did I gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my presence.

"Watkins says I owe my life to you," I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water alongside. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before."

She turned her head, and I felt her eyes searching the dim outline of my face questioningly.

"Of course I did everything I knew," she replied. "Why should I not? You are here, Captain Carlyle, for my sake; I owe you service."

"And must I be content merely with that thought?" I urged, far from pleased. "This would mean that your only interest in me arises from gratitude."

"And friendship," her voice as confidential as my own. "There is no reason way you should doubt that surely."

"It would be easier for me to understand, but for the memory of what I am—a bond slave."

"Your meaning is that true friendship has as a basis equality?"

"Does it not? Can real friendship exist otherwise?"

"No," she acknowledged gravely. "And yet I do not think such friendship does exist between us—evidences my faith in you. I have never felt this social distinction, Captain Carlyle, have given it no thought. This may seem strange to you, yet is most natural. You bear an honorable name, and belong to a family of gentlemen. You held a position of command, won by your own efforts. You bore the part of a man in a revolution; if guilty of any crime, it was a political one, in no way sullying your honor. I have every reason to believe you were falsely accused and convicted. Consequently that conviction does not exist between us; you are not my uncle's servant, but my friend—you understand me now?"

"And you would actually have me speak with you as of your own class—a free man, worthy to claim your friendship in life?"

"Yes," frankly, her face uplifted. "Why should it be otherwise? No man could have done more, or proved himself more stanch and true. We are in danger yet, but such peril is nothing compared with what I have escaped. I feel that your skill and courage will bring us safely to land. I am no longer afraid, for I have learned to trust you. You possess my entire confidence."

"But do you understand fully?" I questioned anxiously. "All I have done for you would have been done for any other woman under the same conditions of danger. Such service to another would have been a duty, and no more. But to be with you, aiding and protecting, has been a delight, a joy. I have served Dorothy Fairfax for her own sake—not as I would any other."

"Did you not suppose I knew?"

Her glance flashed into mine through the star-gleam, with a sudden message of revealment.

"You knew—that—that it was you personally I served?"

"Of course I knew. A woman is never unaware of such things. Now, if ever, I must tell you the truth. I know you care for me—and have cared since first we met. An interest no less fateful has led me to seek your acquaintance, and give you my aid. Surely it is not unmaidenly for me to confess this when we face the chance of death together?"

"But," I stammered, "I can scarcely believe you realize your words. I—I love you, Dorothy."

"And is it not also possible for me to love?"

"You—you mean, you love me?"

"I love you—are you sorry?"

"Sorry! I am mad with the joy of it; yet stricken dumb. Dorothy Fairfax, I have never even dared dream of such a message from your lips. Dear, dear girl, do you forget who I am? What my future?"

"I forget nothing," she said, proudly. "It is because I know what you are that my heart responds. Nor is your future so clouded. You are today a free man if we escape these perils, for whether Roger Fairfax be alive, or dead, he will never seek you again to hold in servitude. If alive he will join his efforts with mine to obtain a pardon because of these services, and we have influence in England. Yet, should such effort fail, you are a sailor, and the seas of the world are free. It is not necessary that your vessel fly the English flag."

"You give me hope—a wonderful hope."

"And courage," her hands firmly clasping mine. "Courage to fight on in faith. I would have that my gift to you, Geoffry. We are in peril still, great peril, but you will face it beside me, knowing that whether we live or die we live together. I am not afraid any more."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Floating Coffin.

The laboring boat rested so low in the water it was only as we were thrown upward on the crest of a wave that I could gain any view about through the pallid light of the dawn. It was all a desolate, restless waste in the midst of which we tossed, while above hung masses of dark clouds obscuring the sky. We were but a hurtling speck between the gray above and the gray below.

The first thing needing my attention was the food and water. I crept forward cautiously and soon had Sam busily engaged in passing out the various articles for inspection. Only essentials had been chosen, yet the supply seemed ample for the distance I believed we would have to cover before attaining land. But the nature of that unknown coast was so doubtful I determined to deal out the provisions sparingly, saving every crumb possible. The men grumbled at the smallness of the ration, yet munched away contentedly enough, once convinced that we all shared alike.

"All right, lads," I said cheerfully. "Now we understand each other and can get at work. We'll divide into watches first of all—two men aft here and one at the bow. Watkins and I will take it watch and watch, but there is enough right now for all hands to turn to and make the craft ship-shape. Two of you bail out that water till she's dry, and the others get out that extra sail forward and rig up a jib. She'll ride easier and make better progress with more canvas showing."

The men gradually knocked off work and lay down, and finally I yielded to Dorothy's pleadings and fell into a sound sleep. It seemed as though I scarcely lost consciousness, yet I must have slept for an hour or more, my head pillowed on her lap. When I awoke Schmitt was again at the steering paddle, and both he and Dorothy were staring across me out over the port quarter.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly, but before the words were entirely uttered a hoarse voice forward bawled out excitedly:

"There you see it; straight out agin that cloud edge. It's a full-rigged schooner."

"Ay," boomed another, "an' headin' straight cross our course astern."

I reached my feet, clinging to the mast to keep erect and, as the boat was again flung upward, gained clearly the glimpse I sought.

"Ay, you're right, lads!" I exclaimed, "it's a schooner, headed to clear us by a hundred fathoms. Port your helm, Schmitt—hard down, man. Now, Sam, off with that red shirt; tie it on the boat hook and let fly. They can't help seeing us if there is any watch on deck."

We swept about in a wide circle, headed straight across the bows of the on-coming vessel. All eyes stared out watchfully, Sam's shirt flapping above us, and both Watkins and Schmitt straining their muscles to hold the plunging quarter-boat against the force of the wind. A man forward on his knees growled out a curse.



We Swept By in a Large Circle.

"What's the matter aboard there?" he yelled. "Did yer ever see a boat yer like afore? Damn me, if I believe they got a hand at the wheel."

The same thought had leaped into my mind. The schooner was headed to pass us on the port quarter...yet was swing so crazily at times as to make me fearful of being run down. I could perceive no sign of life aboard, no signal that we had been seen. The sight angered me.

"Stand by, all hands," I cried desperately. "We'll board whether they want us or not. Slip across, Miss Fairfax, out of the way. Now, Watkins, run us in under those fore-chains; easy man, don't let her strike us. Lay hold quick, lads, and hang on for your lives. Give me that end of rope—ready now, all of you; I'll make the leap. Now then—hold hard!"

It was five feet, and up, my purchase the tossing boat, but I made it, one hand desperately gripping a shroud, until I gained balance and was clinging inboard by a sharp plunge of the vessel. My head was at a level with the rail, yet I saw nothing, my whole effort being to make fast before the grip of the men should be torn loose. This done, I placed back into the upturned faces below.

"Hand in slowly, lads; yes, let go, the rope will hold, and the boat ride safely through. Let a couple of men come up till we see what's wrong with the hooker—the rest of you trail on. Let Schmitt and Sam come with me."

I helped them clamber up and then lifted my body onto the rail, from which position I had a clear view of the forward deck. It was inexpressibly dirty, yet otherwise shipshape enough. Nothing human greeted me, and conscious of a strange feeling of horror, I slipped over onto the deck. The next moment the negro and Dutchman joined me, the former starting about wildly, the whites of his eyes revealing his terror.

"My Gawd, sah," he ejaculated. "Ah done know dis boat—it's shore de Santa Marie. Ah's cooked in dat galley. She was a slaver, sah." He sniffed the air. "A kin smell dem niggers right now, sah. Ah sush reckon dere a bunch o' ded ones under dem hatches right dis minute."

Schmitt had felt heavily on my sleeve and I glanced into his stolid face.

"I just bet I know vat wus der trouble."

"What, man?"

"Cholera," he whispered; "ve haf boarded a death ship."

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Board the Slaver.

The terror of the two men as this thought dawned upon them in all its horror was apparent enough. Nothing, not even fire, was more to be dreaded than a visitation of this awful nature on shipboard. Charnel ship though this might be, it was safer by far than the coccleshell towing alongside.

"Let's find out the truth first, men," I said quietly. "Hold your tongues. There is no use giving up until we know what the danger is. Will you come with me?"

The terror in Sam's eyes caused me to laugh and my own courage came back with a rush.

"Afraid of dead men, are you? Then we'll face them together, my lads, and have it over with. Come on, now, both of you. Buckle up; there is nothing to fear, if you do what I tell you—this isn't the first cholera ship I've been aboard."

It was no pleasant job confronting us, although we had less dead men to handle than I anticipated. Indeed, we found only five bodies on board. There were only two on deck, a giant, coal-black negro, and a gray-bearded white man, his face pitted with smallpox. Determined on what was to be done, I wasted no time with either body. The two sailors hung back, terrorstruck at the mere thought of touching these victims of plague. I steeled myself to the job and handled them alone, dragging the bodies across the deck and launching them over the low rail into the sea. I ordered Schmitt to cut the lashings and take charge of the wheel.

"See here, Sam, and you too, Schmitt, I am in love with that girl in the hold. Do you suppose I would ever have her come on this deck if I believed she might contract cholera? You do as I say and you are perfectly safe. Now, Schmitt, remain at the wheel, and you, Sam, come with me. There will be a dead nigger aboard unless you jump when I speak."

He trotted close at my heels as I flung open the door leading into the cabin. The air seemed fresh enough and I noted two of the ports wide open. A tall, smooth-shaven man, with an ugly scar down one cheek, lay outstretched on a cot at the foot of the after mast, his very posture proclaiming him dead. His face was the color of parchment, wrinkled with age.

The negro crept up behind me and stared at the upturned face.

"My Gaud, sah, he wus de ol' captain. Paradilla, sah; damn his soul!"

In what was evidently the captain's room I discovered a pricked chart and log-book, with the latter filled in for three days. Without waiting to examine these I stowed them away in my pocket. Between us we forced the stiffened form of the captain through the open after port and heard it splash into the sea astern. There were two dead seamen in the forecastle, both swarthy fellows, with long Indian hair. I never saw a dirtier hole, the filth overpowering, and once satisfied that both men were beyond help, I was content to lower the scuttle and leave them there. God! it was a relief to return once more to the open deck and breathe in the fresh air. I hailed the boat towing below.

"Come aboard, Watkins," I called sharply. "Pass the lady up first, and turn the boat adrift."

I caught Dorothy's hands and aided her over the rail.

"Why was the vessel abandoned?" she asked. "What has happened? Do you know?"

Quietly I told her the truth and assured her that if we staid on deck and used our own bedding and provisions we were in no danger.

"How can I help you?"

"Tell the men just what I have told you," I said gravely. "They will be ashamed to show less courage than you."



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Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalinize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say *Phillips*. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

We turned and faced them together as they formed a little group against the rail. Hallin was first to speak.

"Vot vas eet you say 'bout dis sheep? Eet haf cholera—hey?"

Dorothy took a step forward, and confronted them, her cheeks flushed.

"You are sailors," she said, speaking swiftly, "and ought not to be afraid if a girl isn't. It is true this vessel was ravaged by cholera, and the crew died;

I Aided Her Over the Rail.

but the bodies have been flung overboard—Captain Carlyle risked his life to do that before he asked us aboard. Now there is no danger so long as we remain on deck. I have no fear."

The Swede shook his head, grumbling something, but before the revolt could spread Watkins broke in.

"An' that's right, miss. I was on the Bombay Castle when she took cholera, an' we hed twenty-one days of it beatin' agin head winds off the Cape. We lost sixteen o' the crew, but not a man among us who stayed on deck got sick. Anyhow, these blokes are goin' ter try their luck aboard yere, or else swim fer it."

He grinned cheerfully, letting slip the end of the painter, the released quarter-boat gliding gently away astern, the width of water constantly increasing.

"Now, bullies, jump fer it if yer want ter go. All right then, my hearties, let's hunt up something to work with and scrub this deck. That's the way to clean out cholera."

He led the way and they followed him, grumbling and cursing, but obedient. I added a word of encouragement, and in a few minutes the whole gang was busily engaged in cleaning up the mess forward, their first fears evidently forgotten in action. Watkins kept after them like a slave driver.

It was not difficult finding plenty for the lads to do, making the neglected schooner shipshape, and adjusting the spread of canvas aloft to the new course I decided upon. Sam started a fire in the galley and prepared a hot meal, singing as he worked, and before noon I had as cheerful a ship's crew forward as any

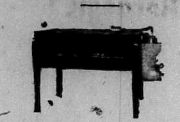
(Continued on page 6.)

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Radio licenses issued.

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DRESSED POULTRY

V. COWLING

Auction Sale of Household Effects

All the contents of the home of the late Mrs. Wm. Grass. Everything must be sold. Saturday, Feb. 9th, at 1 p.m. Terms cash.

Curling.

Four rinks of the Napanee Curling Club visited Belleville on Monday evening to play a return game in the senior C.O.C.L. No. 1 District. The Napanee rinks were victorious, defeating Belleville by 20 shots. The scores were:

Belleville		Napanee	
J. C. Davison	13	C. I. Maybee	10
R. A. Backus	9	F. Bell	14
R. J. Wray	6	M. Graham	19
C. Symons	11	H. Huffman	16

Died at Yarker.

Mrs. Catherine Charles, Yarker, passed away on Monday evening, after an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Charles was a frequent visitor to Napanee, where she had many friends. She was a sister of the late Mrs. John Lowry, Mrs. Dr. Oldham, Yarker, at whose home she died, is also a sister. Messrs. Alfred and Fenwick Connolly are brothers. The funeral takes place on Wednesday afternoon at 2 p.m.

William P. McLaughlin.

One of the most popular and well-known citizens of Napanee, passed away on Saturday after an illness of several months from pernicious anaemia. Mr. McLaughlin was the only son of the late Ephriam McLaughlin and was a valued employee of the Canadian National Express Co. at Napanee station. He was also a member of the Napanee Hockey team and a leader in all kinds of sport, where his services and influence will be keenly missed Besides his young widow, who was formerly Miss Grace Oliver, he leaves his mother and two sisters, Geraldine and Vivian McLaughlin. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the family residence on John street. Services were held in St. Andrew's church, under the auspices of the I.O.O.F. The members of the I.O.O.F. lodges and the hockey club attended in a body. Interment was at Riverview.

Obituary.

One of the most highly respected residents of Newburgh, in the person of Mrs. S. J. Pillar, passed peacefully away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Adams, on Thursday, Jan. 10th. The deceased was in her eighty-second year, born in the county of Carleton and was a resident of Newburgh for the past twenty years. Her husband predeceased her twenty-five years ago. In religion she was a faithful member of the Anglican church. A short service was held at the house Saturday morning by her clergyman, Rev. Spencer, who spoke from the words, "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God." The remains were then taken to Russell by train, where the regular funeral service was held in St. Mary's Church on Sunday, Jan. 13th, of which she was a former member, and was largely attended. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Weigar. Deceased was loved by all who knew her and leaves to mourn her loss one brother, Mr. Andrew Fitzpatrick, of Russell, one son, Mr. R. W. Pillar, of Napanee, and two daughters, Mrs. Orr, of Toronto, and Mrs. Adams, of Newburgh. The floral tributes from Newburgh and Russell were beautiful.

Lost.

Silver cigarette case with initials R.B. Finder please communicate with Box 570. Reward. 10-ap

Bath, Ont., R. R. 1.
January 21, 1929.

TO THE MILK PRODUCERS,
Patrons of Farmer's Dairy,
Napanee District.

Gentlemen:—

You are aware that the Farmer's Dairy has instituted a campaign for milk of a higher standard and you are also aware of the demands now made. Perhaps you have or have not realized that this is just the thin edge of the wedge and more regulations are sure to follow. We are only a short time away from the tuberculin test and rigid herd inspection. Now all these things are only in line with the progressive sanitary measures demanded by all large fluid milk consuming centres. It will be futile for us to blame the Farmer's Dairy, but we can rest assured that unless we, the producers, adopt measures and organization to protect ur rights, we will get inadequate remuneration and find ourselves with greater investment, more labor to perform and higher costs

The individualism of the past is useless, our personal protests are unheeded and a large amount of dissatisfaction exists over tests and prices.

There is only one way we can effectually guard our rights and that is organization, but the problem is to organize. We will be forced to organize finally, for all else is organized with which we deal, so why delay.

A start has to be made in all things—we have delayed now far too long—so I have taken the responsibility of urging you to do it now.

Do you want organization? If so, will every producer who reads this write me his views. If sufficient desire is shown I will proceed to arrange and call a meeting in the Town of Napanee. The situation now rests with you. Tell your neighbor and have him write too.

It is not my desire to malign the Farmer's Dairy in any way, but to so organize ourselves as to have some control of prices in relation to cost.

Respectfully submitted,
W. L. HAIGHT,
Bath, Ont.

10-b

We have the Agency for the Connor Electric and hand washers.

45-tf SPENCER & SON.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Morning worship. Sermon, "Crushed by the Crowd."

11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.

7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Art Thou He that Should Come?"

Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League, entertained by Trinity Y.P.L. at Trinity church.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer service.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Poultry Wanted!

We pay the highest cash prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
18-1-y Napanee.

Ice Races.

Ice races will be held at the Napanee Driving Park on Tuesday, Feb. 12th, commencing at 1.30 p.m. Fast horses, good races. Everybody come. 11-ap

An Appreciation.

The Napanee Hockey Club wish to cordially thank all those citizens who so generously contributed to the funds of the club this season, making it possible for the club to carry on with a reasonable chance of paying their way.

Appointed Division Court Clerk.

Mr. Grant Paul, who has been acting Clerk of the First Division Court, was on Saturday appointed to the position which had been filled by his father, the late A. E. Paul. Mr. Paul is a popular figure among the young men of the town, also a returned soldier and his appointment is a gratifying recognition that his services to his country and also as temporary court clerk have been recognized.

A Successful Evening.

The cozy rooms of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., were well filled on Wednesday night, it being the occasion of the second of the series of progressive euchres and dances which are being held this winter. The tables for the euchre were arranged in the lodge rooms, play starting about 8.30. In the assembly hall the young people were having a jolly time, excellent music for the dancing being furnished by Walters' orchestra. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close at one o'clock. Two similar events have been arranged for later on, one in February and one in March.

Grace United Church Holds Annual Congregational Meeting.

The annual Congregational Meeting of Grace United Church was held on Wednesday evening last, with the minister, Rev. W. P. Woodger, presiding. After devotional exercises, Mr. C. A. Wiseman was again elected Secretary. Reports given by Mr. Stanley Wales for the auditors showed amount raised for local church revenue $3937.23; for Missionary and Maintenance Fund, $2630.37, and for S. S. Renovation Fund, $891.88. Mr. F. L. Hooper reported for the Sunday School an enrollment of 440, average attendance of 300, and receipts $592.93, besides $200.00 for the Missionary Fund. The Adult Bible Classes, through their respective presidents, Mr. J. W. Hambly, Miss V. Hall, Mr. Escott Rose, and in the absence of the president of the A.O.T.S. class, Mr. J. B. Stalker, reported $666.69 raised. The total receipts for the Woman's Association (Ladies' Aid) given by Mrs. S. Wales, were $1295.72. Miss Mrjorie Thompson for the Y. P. League, reported as to the character of meetings held and in prospect, and receipts as $61.74. The minister reported Sacramental offerings $92.22, Upper Canada Bible Society $47.63, Young Worshippers' League $81.06. The Woman's Missionary Society, through Mrs .F. L. Hooper, gave receipts, $577.54, the Mission Circle, through Miss E. J. VanAlstyne, $197.77, and the Mission Band, through Doris Knapp, $137.00. The indebtedness in the Sunday School Renovation Fund through a generous contribution of $300.00 from the Woman's Association and $200.00 from the A.O.T.S. Class has been reduced to $1225.52. This balance will be wiped off during the current year. The membership of the church stands at 480, and number of families 320. Baptisms 12, marriages 19, funerals 24. Election of members for vacancies on the Boards of the Church resulted as follows: To fill two vacancies on the Trustee Board, Mr. Stanley Wales and Mr. John Frisken; to fill the unexpired term of the late Georrge W. Gibbard on the Committee of Stewards, his son, Mr. G. Ernest Gibbard was appointed. This was done amidst expressions of sorrow at the death of Mr. Gibbard, and of desire to perpetuate the long succession of Gibbard connection with Grace church, and of confidence in the son's worthiness to carry on the tradition. The election of members to the Session and Committee of Stewards, groups of which are elected for three year terms annually, resulted. For the Session: till Jan. 1932, E. R. McCabe, Dr. E. Ming, Geo. Robson, E. R. Sills, G. Sills, Harold Thompson; For the Committee of Stewards, till Jan. 1932: J. M. Joyce, M. B. Judson, Christie Kellar, Chas. N. Loucks, O. S. Reddick, Fred Russell, Sr. Before the formal opening of the meeting, the Sunday School Orchestra furnished music, under the direction of Mr .B. M. Black, and during the evening, Mr. Bert Seymour rendered a baritone solo, and Mrs. B. Seymour and Mrs. B. M. Black gave a piano duet. After the business part of the evening was concluded, the ladies served refreshments.

Finest Separator Oil, 25c. a quart at WALLACE'S, Napanee agents.

Lennox and Addington Fire Insurance Company.

The fifty-second annual meeting of Lennox and Addington Mutual Fire Insurance Company was held in the Agricultural Rooms, Napanee, on Saturday, January 26th, 1929. The auditors report for 1928 shows strong financial position occupied by the company, a situation very gratifying to its policy holders. The report discloses an increase in the number of policy holders, and in the volume of business. There was a marked increase in the cash reserve which stood at $13,120.36 on the last day of December, 1928, and total net assets at $108,954.32. There were 1401 policies, and $3,656,510.00 of insurance in force at the end of the year.

Napanee Curlers Win From Belleville Rinks.

The first game of the C.O.C.L. senior for No. 1 District was played on Thursday night on a perfect sheet of ice and all the Napanee rinks won, with the exception of Frank Bell, who was defeated by R. J. Wray's bonspiel rink by eight shots. The rinks and scores were:

Napanee.	Belleville.
A. Steacy	J. Kerr
J. Marshall	A. Symons
F. Vanalstine	W. Bottum
H. W. Huffman	R. A. Backus,
skip 16	skip 9
R. Lancaster	J. Walsh
I. Went	T. J. Hurly
Dr. McLaughlin	J. G. Galloway
C. I. Maybee	J. W. Davison,
skip 13	skip 11
E. J. Corkill	W. Walshe
Pat. Gleeson	W. E. Gortley
W. Smith	P. O. Pitney
M. P. Graham,	C. Symons
skip 18	skip, 4
D. Mayhew	V. L. Hyman
I. Spencer	Alf. Jones
Jas. Pringle	W. N. Belair
Frank Bell,	R. J. Wray,
skip, 7	skip, 15
Total......54	Total..........39

McEachern—Daly.

One of the leading events of the winter season was the marriage at high noon on Saturday, January 26, of Dorothy Mary, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. McEachern, of Calgary, Alta., to Mr. Morris Aldworth Daly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Daly, Napanee. The ceremony took place at Knox Church, Calgary, and the service was performed by Rev. George Dickson. Miss McEachern who was given in marriage by her father, Dr. J. S. McEachern, was lovely in a wedding gown of heavy cream satin with tight fitting sleeves and long tight bodice with yoke of rose point lace studded with pearls. The circular skirt formed a train at the back, and white satin slippers with sprigs of orange blossoms on the toe caps were worn with the costume. Her veil of white silk net was bound closely to the head under a coronet formed by a band of rose point lace studded with pearls, and held in place with a cluster of orange blossoms. The bride carried a sheaf of lily of the valley, pale pink orchids and butterfly roses. Miss Margaret McEachern, who was her sister's maid of honor, was charmingly gowned in a beige rose frock with long tight sleeves. The skirt was fashioned with two circular tiers and an uneven hemline, and had large bows of brown satin which reached the floor. Miss Isabel Coulter, of Toronto, and Miss Jean McEachern, were the bridesmaids, and wore costumes similar to the maid of honor. All wore brown satin slippers with amber Chanel buckles (the gifts of the bride), and hats of brown French felt, bound with georgette. They carried bouquets of pale yellow carnations and lily-of-the-valley. Mr. Crawford Turnbull was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Daly left for Montreal, New York and other eastern points, and after the wedding trip will reside in Napanee. For travelling Mrs. Daly wore a frock of sand flat crepe with a circular skirt and a brown French felt hat trimmed with deerskin. A moleskin jacket trimmed with fox and brown suede shoes and a brown suede bag completed the smart ensemble.

ANOTHER "SAVE WITH SAFETY" SPECIAL SALE FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, THIS WEEK AT WALLACE'S.

Azura Face Powder	79c.
Saffranor Face Powder	79c.
Coty's L'Origan Face Powder	59c.
Day Dream Face Powder and 60c. Day Dream perfume, the two	59c.
Jonteel Face Powder (50c.) and Jonteel Soap (25c.) the two	50c.
One Dollar Three Flowers Face Powder with loose powder sifter	1.00
Pompeian Face Powder	60c.
Gin Pill, 50c. size	29c.
Chase's Ointment, 60c. size	39c.
Scott's Emulsion, 65c. size	39c.
Howard's Emulsion (16 oz. pint)	90c.
3 cakes Castolay Castile Soap (Woodbury's make) with wash cloth, all for	25c.
Shell Brand French Castile (imported) (extra large bar for cutting in small bars)	33c.
6 bars Egyptian Palm Soap	33c.
6 lbs. Epsom Salts	25c.
Glycerine and Rose Water	15c.
Listerine (medium, 60c. size)	37c.
Household Rubber Gloves	49c.
100 sheets kid finish Writing paper with 50 envelopes, all for	39c.
Boots Regesan Fruit Saline, Reg. $1.00	79c.
Ovaltine, new prices 50c. 75c.	1.25
Kruschen Salts (with a trial package for good measure	69c.
Kruschen Salts, small	45c.
Buchu and Juniper Kidney Pills, large size	50c.
3 lbs. new Electric Louse Powder	1.00
Fleishman's Yeast, cake	4

Phone or mail orders promptly filled.

Mail orders—add postage.

WALLACE'S—Napanee's Leading Drug Store.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Public Worship Sunday, Feb. 10th, at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday school 11.45 a.m.

Monday, 7.30 p. m.—Young People's League.

Ladies' Aid, Wednesday, Feb. 6th, at 3 p.m.

Mid-week Bible Class every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Studies in Pilgrim's Progress.

Feb. 6.—"Mr. Bye Ends."

Feb. 13.—"Doubting Castle and Giant Despair."

The Bear Has Gone Back to His Bed.

Six weeks more of cold, severe weather will be experienced locally, if one believes in the old tradition about Candelmas Day. Saturday the sun was shining brightly from early in the morning, and there was no chance that the time-honoured bear, unless he were blind in both eyes, could not see his shadow. Despite the fact that the same trick has been pulled on bruin every year, he is still supposed to be afraid of the ominous shadow, and takes to his cave for a period of six weeks, during which we are supposed to have very cold and severe weather.

TAMWORTH.

Christ Church (Anglican).

At its first meeting on 31st. January, the new select Vestry, composed of two representatives of every organization, unanimously passed a resolution recommending that the erection of a Parish Hall would be in the best interests of the church. A committee was formed consisting of the Rector and Wardens to secure estimates at once of the cost of building a hall 36 feet by 72 feet.

The proposed site of the hall is the west half of the plot on which the church stables now stand. Of the many needs of the hall, the outstanding ones are adequate equipment for the Sunday school, and a home for the young people and church organizations.

As the financial state of the church is in a sound condition and every department shows a credit balance it is felt by the Vestry that this year will be the most suitable time for the work of building. Plans are therefore being drawn up, and it is hoped that the work will be started within a very short time.

The past year's Financial Report showed the Parochial income to be $2736.37. All debts and obligations were met in full; and two new organizations were formed—A Ladies' Guild at Marlbank, and a Girls' branch of the Woman's Auxiliary at Tamworth.

HIGHWAY HINTS.

By Bob Low

Question No. 16:—Why isn't a road paved from Napanee direct to Marysville, Highway No. 2? This would be for motorists who desire to make speed and, therefore, wish to avoid the bend that takes them into Deseronto. Either that or develop the Old Mohawk trail from west of Deseronto to Shannonville which cuts off Marysville. The last time the writer was over this last mentioned road it was in poor condition, but there is mileage to be saved by its use if paved and this is the big point with the majority of car owners.

Here is a case that parallels almost exactly Highway No. 3 where it takes a dip unto Dunnville. In the last-mentioned situation the road should be paved from a point north of Chambers Corners through Wellandport and over to Canboro, or from a point west of Allanburg right through Fonthill, Fenwick and Wellandport to Canboro. There has been some county paving done in these parts. Finishing the job would speed up traffic, besides giving the "jump" to the man who, on certain occasions did not wish to go into Dunnville.

While anyone who gives the matter an atom of thought would suggest, in building highways, that an attempt should always be made to connect up leading cities and towns, later improvements should certainly include additional strips to afford the shortest way from the starting point direct to the terminus of a designated highway.

MANUFACTURERS LIFE FORTY SECOND REPORT SHOWS SPLENDID GROWTH.

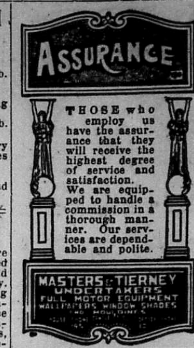
The forty-second Annual Report of the Manufactrers Life Insurance Company for 1928, as submitted to Policyholders and Shareholders of the Annual Meeting held on the 17th of January, shows splendid growth.

The New Insurance issued during the year exceeded that of any previous year in the history of the Company and amounted to $87,322,612. The gain in insurance in force also constituted a record, bringing the Insurance in Force to $453,323,912.

The Assets of the Company increased by over Eleven Million Dollars and amounted to $87,-495,370. Over Thirty-six Million Dollars of this sum is invested in Government, Government Guaranteed, Municipal and Public Utility Bonds, while First Mortgages on Improved Real Estate comprised $30,706,377. The net rate of interest earned was 6.4%.

The payments to Policyholders also constituted a record and amounted to $8,387,508. Beneficiaries under Death Claims received $2,925,758 while payments to living policyholders for matured policies, annuities, etc. were $3,507,617 and dividends to Policyholders $1,954,133. In addition to the above the Company set aside $2,531,781 for dividends to Policyholders in 1929. The mortality was again very favorable.

Surplus earnings in 1928 were very satisfactory and have made possible an increase in the scale of dividends payable to Policyholders for the fifth consecutive year.



Amazing Results

And quick relief. Use Mrs. Sybilla Spahr's Tonsilitis for whooping Cough, Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Quinsy, Head Colds, Catarrh, Tonsil Ills and Sore Throats. Try it. Napanee Druggists. 11-b

Farm Journals, Government representatives and stock men generally, advise the use of Subadilla powder for lice on cattle. We may add that local farmers who have tried it out claim that Subadilla is far and away the best louse powder known. Sold nd recommended at Wallace's.

At a meeting of representatives of the three United Churches on Sunday afternoon last, it was unanimously decided to invite the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church to hold its annual session this year in Napanee. It is expected the invitation will be accepted. The Conference will likely be held during the last week in May. Over 400 delegates will be in attendance.

Word was received in Napanee on Tuesday last conveying the intelligence that Edward Hansen, of Waukeegan, Ill., had passed away. The deceased had been in ill health for some time and was well known here, he having married Miss Sadie Purdy, of Morven about six years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen were frequent visitors at the home of Mrs. Hansen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Purdy, formerly of Morven, now residing in Windsor. The deceased, who had charge of a men's wear store in Waukeegan, was highly esteemed by his friends in this district. Mrs. Hansen has two brothers, J. R. Purdy, of Dearborn, Mich., and Howard Purdy, of Windsor.

Her Epitaph.

One of Mrs. A. M. U. Stirling's anecdotes concerns a worthy, Ryby Wright by name, who one day was observed by his wife to be sitting gazing into the fire with a very mournful expression.

"Ryby," she said, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking my dear, what epitaph I should put on your tombstone!"

The lady, it should be remarked, was then in perfect health, and naturaly resented this undue though fulness.

"Oh, that's very simple," she responded briskly. "Just—'Wife of the above'."

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Lilyan Tashman, the bonde vampire in the cast of Colleen Moore's new picture, "HAPPINESS AHEAD," has several important scenes in the picture with Edmund Lowe.

Also a 2-reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Richard Dix comes to life on the screen in his latest picture for Paramount, "WARMING UP."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Buster Keaton, in "THE CAMERA MAN," his new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature comedy.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays

"At that day ye shall ask in my name; and I say unto you that I will pray the Father for you. For the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God. I came forth from the Father and am come into the world: again I leave the world and go to the Father. His disciples said unto Him, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb. Now are we sure that thou knowest all things and needest not any man should ask thee; by this we believe that thou camest forth from God," John 16: 26-30.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Calendars and Diaries.

A suitable gift to keep track of the days and doings.

HOGARTH'S.

PLAZA BARBER SHOP

(John Street)

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Complete barbering service for ladies and gentlemen

BERT. MOWERS

47-dp

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Kiln Dried Golden Popcorn!

For Popping. Give it a trial.

California Head Lettuce 15c. Head

Fresh Oysters

Give us your orders for community, church and social oyster suppers.

Fresh Whitefish, Salmon, Smelts, Sea Herring, Pike, Salted Herring and Cod, Smoked Haddie, Fillets, and Herring.

Perry's Grocery

'Phone 130.

Sending Money to Distant Points

YOU can send any amount of money to any point in Canada at a minimum of expense by using a Canadian Bank of Commerce Money Order. This method is the simplest, safest and most convenient way to send remittances by mail in the Dominion; if the mail goes astray no loss is sustained. Should you desire to send money to a point outside the country, a Canadian Bank of Commerce Draft will serve your purpose for forwarding money to foreign places.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

with which is amalgamated

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

An Evidence of Public Confidence

New Insurance Issued
1918 $18,578,580.
1923 $52,353,071.
1928 $87,322,612.

Insurance in Force
1918 $108,572,783.
1923 $246,716,731.
1928 $453,323,912.

Assets
1918 $26,748,393.
1923 $47,273,368.
1928 $87,495,370.

Dividends to Policyholders
1918 $344,060.
1923 $687,300.
1928 $1,954,133.

THE
MANUFACTURERS LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Head Office; - TORONTO, CANADA
J. R. SMITH,
Representative, Napanee

BRANCH OFFICES IN CANADA, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, INDIA, AFRICA, ASIA, JAPAN, PHILIPPINES, HAWAII, WEST INDIES, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

WRITE FOR COMPLETE COPY OF ANNUAL REPORT

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

IMMUNITY.

All unknown to ourselves, our bodies are being constantly assailed by invisible enemies—disease germs. The war is a continuous one and we are only aware of it when the tissues of our bodies are not successful in their defence, resulting in what we call illness or disease.

The attack of the disease germs calls forth a mobilization of our defensive forces, and, as a result of resisting the attack of certain germs ,the defensive forces become trained in defence, sometimes becoming so well trained as to ensure the overcoming of one or two of these enemies. When this action does occur, we say that the individual has acquired a resistance or immunity to the disease which the particular disease germ causes. This happens only in the case of certain germ-caused diseases.

As we have said, this conflict goes on all unknown to us. Unfortunately, it means that as it goes on, many become sick and some die. By the time we reach adult life, most of us have developed an immunity to diptheria without having suffered from diptheria, but, at the same time, many do develop diptheria and some die from the disease. If we could acquire the protection or immunity without being constantly menaced by illness and death, it is plain that it would be most desirable that we do so. At the present tmie we can secure immunity from a few diseases by means of certain well-known and accepted measures. Vaccination makes makes us immune against smallpox. Diptheria immunization means immunity from diptheria.

Through Vaccintion and Immunization, we can secure immunity in a perfectly safe and satisfactory way. It means doing in a controlled way what otherwise is done for most of us, in an uncontrolled and, therefore, dangerous way, which results in sickness for many and death for some.

Why not secure immunity from these diseases from which we can be protected, in a safe and satisfactory manner ?

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Mounted Policeman's Beat.

Stretches In a Belt Two Thousand Miles Wide.

The city or suburban policeman who is inclined to grumble about the size of he territory he has to patrol, should be given a glimpse of the area which has to be covered by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

To them is given the task of maintaining law and order and administering relief among the scattered settlements in the great regions of the Northwest Territories, stretching in a belt 2,000 miles wide from Baffin Island in the east to the Mackenzie River in the west. Posts are established along the Arctic coast from which patrols and investigations are undertaken each year by the officers stationed there.

Two years is he normal span of duty for a constable in these territories, but not infrequently the call of the Arctic is so irresistible that the members of the force return for duty again and again.

Canada's High Place.

In 1928, for the third year in succession, Canada's mineral production reached a new high record, when the value of the output was $271,-000,000, marking a gain of nearly 10 per cent., or $23,644,000 over the total for the preceding year, according to the official estimate compiled by S. J. Cook, chief of the Mining, Metallurgical and Chemical Branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

To be able to give pure milk, free from danger of bacteria, to the family should be the desire of all housekeepers. Year by year we are getting nearer the time when only milk absolutely free from any menace will be used. Some years ago we were invited to tea at the house of a doctor who was living in the city as a medical officer during the war He took tea without milk and his wife laughed and said, "My husband was brought up on a farm and says he remembers only too well the condition of the stable where the milking was done in the winter. He takes milk in the summer, but not at this time of year." Times are changed on the farms where the milk is sold, but is the change so noticeable when only the family use the milk? We fear not. We shall not discuss here the various ways of making the milk sale. We know that the restricted area are becoming established and with good results and we know that pasteurization will kill germs, but we do urge the women in the city or in the country to give only milk that they know is pure to the family.

• • • •

How strange it is that every fourteenth of February we celebrate the martyrdom of a young French bishop who died for his faith in the early days of Christianity, with Valentine parties! Somehow he became linked in people's minds with cupid, the gay little god who sways the destiny of the youth of each age, and now our shop windows are bright with red hearts, fat cupids and darts to pierce the stoney hearts of the adamant fair one. Each year the Valentine favors are more elaborate, but the same theme persists. And the dainty missives the postman brings—! Are they not charming ? For a Valentine party of any kind have red candles set on a red heart, red tulips or roses or if flowers cost too much for you, make artificial ones from papers and have Valentine favors and place cards. We have seen salads decorated with heartshaped pieces of tomato, sweets made in the shape of a heart and for children's parties cookies cut like a heart and covered with the tiny red sweets used for that purpose.

• • • •

"Have you seen my new mirror" said a friend last week. She showed us what looked like an antique oval mirror of heavy glass with a heavy frame of bronze. She turned it over and we saw that the back was of new wood. "I had the frame made," she said, "then I covered it with plastolart, which I got when I was in Ottawa." She brought out her box and showed us how it was done. We saw that while anyone might follow the directions, only people with artistic taste would get really attractive and original results. Then it occurred to us that some clever person might make something for the depots for work which will call in the tourists passing along the highway next summer. Any article of a good shape can be effectively decorated with plastolart, which is a kind of plaster put on with a stiff brush and given a good rub with sandpaper and afterwards colored as desired. Gay colors are also used and boxes of wood or metal, bookends, lamp standards, turned from wood by someone who has a lathe, vases of a color you don't care for can be made most attractive.

• • • •

Last week we heard of some more bird visitors. The rose breasted grosbeak and the evening grosbeak. They were seen in the long grass of a garden that came up through the snow. These birds are rather heavy, with strong bills as their name suggests. The rose breasted grosbeak is a handsome bird with a rosecolored spot on his breast and the evening grosbeak is strongy marked with yellow, with black wing, tail and crown and a white bar on his wings.

• • • •



Do you take Yeast for your health?

If so, use ROYAL YEAST CAKES —the standard of quality for over 50 years. Soak a cake of Royal Yeast, with a little sugar, in tepid water over night. Stir well, strain and drink the liquid. Flavor is improved by adding the juice of an orange.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Recently the annual meeting of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild was held in Montreal and the reports show that the previous records had been so increased that $38,663 was paid out to workers. So successful has this guild been during the twenty-three years of its activities that the directors now feel that they can approach the government for a grant for this essentially patriotic work for practicaly all the profits are returned to the craftsmen. The women of the west have taken up the idea of the return to hand work and at Vancouver, Edmonton and Winnipeg provincial branches have been formed. All this goes to show the demand for handicrafts made in the homes of the people.

• • • •

The summer materials are being shown. We will wear many figured goods next season, and most of our frocsk will be flounced. They may or may not have a streamer hanging from the shoulder and perhaps thrown around the throat with a smart touch. For the summer there will be hats of the poke bonnet stye to shade the face, but the close hat will remain in fashion for those who can wear it, meaning only the young woman or girl with perfect features.

• • • •

The famous Murphy-Minot diet which includes fruit, vegetables and liver taken frequently and is said to be a cure for anaemia, has sent the price of liver soaring. "We use so much in our hospital order," says the butcher. Calf's liver is proscribed, but beef and pork, and as a dainty later, lamb's liver, are all good. The patient gets very tired of the diet and as a change may be given liver in other forms. It should not be cooked too long. Here is a recipe. Mix equal quantities of ground cooked liver and raisins. Add lemon juice and chopped nuts and fill cored apples with the mixture. Bake in the usual way and serve as a breakfast or supper dish.

AN ARMLESS ARMY.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" Is the Salvation Army's Motto.

There is an army which has thousands of corps and outposts, a general, lieutenant-colonels, adjutants, majors, staff captains, corporals, and millions of soldiers, yet no—arms.

What can this giant, unarmed force be? asks Answers. It is the world-famous Salvation Army.

The growth of this army has been a veritable romance. Although only started in 1865, and reorganized into its present form twelve years later, it has expanded phenomenally and is now established over the whole globe.

While their beginning was of the humblest, to-day the military uniforms, caps, bonnets, and bands of the Salvationists are familiar in eighty-three different countries, and members of the army speak over fifty different languages in the course of their world-wide ministrations.

With their romantic growth in numbers their funds have expanded to match, and to-day the general in command has control of funds and assets ranging from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000.

Most of the funds are raised internally, but for over forty years they have made a speciality of "Self-Denial Week," when the ordinary public is also asked to contribute.

Testimony to the army's work among women and children is given by the fact that over 116 industrial homes and 39 maternity homes are maintained for the former, and about 96 homes for the latter. They are all filled with those who have been hurt in the cruel struggle with poverty.

As a crowning achievement the Salvation Army supplies in different lands the huge total of nearly 11,-000,000 beds in a year, and the equally amazing number of over 20,000,-000 meals in the same period. Each one of these individual actions represents a sad, weary, or famished man or woman who has been succoured.

The ever-increasing mass of literature, general printing, music, and uniforms used by the army has rendered necessary the building of their own works at St. Albans for supplying such articles.

All these world-wide ramifications and activities have sprung from the efforts of one solitary Evangelist, who launched the new organization only sixty-three years ago. It is an incomparable romance of achievement that the Salvation Army should have developed so enormously in so short a time.

PERSONALS

Miss Ruth Thompson and Miss Madeline McMillan spent the week-end visiting friends in Oshawa.

Mr. G. A. Wallace, former proprietor of the Campbell House, Napanee, has purchased the new Hotel Corry at Corry, Pa., and has removed from Ironton, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harrison and small daughter, Nathella, have returned to their home, Big Valley, Alberta, after spending the past two months with Mrs. Harrison's sister, Mrs. P. G. W. Lepel, "New Eden," Kingston Road, and other relatives ; also renewing acquaintances in this vicinity.

Mrs. Whittington, Empey Hill, spent Saturday in town.

Mr. Joseph Lowry, Montreal, is the guest of his sisters, Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Pollard.

Mrs. H. Gardiner and Mrs. Fred Richardson, Toronto, spent last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Scott.

Dr. E. Ming returned from Toronto for the week-end.

Mrs. Geo. Bush, Consecon, is the guest of Mrs .Earl Deline.

Mr. Wm. Davis, D.D.G.P., of this district installed the officers of Limestone Encampment, Kingston, on Monday of last week. A number of the Napanee members accompanied him to Kingston.

Mr. C. D. Black was in Napanee on Monday to attend the funeral of the late Will McLaughlin.

The T. Eaton Co. have leased the Wallbridge store in Belleville and will open a groceteria there.

BIRTHS

Hart—At Roblin, on Thursday, Jan. 31st, 1929, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hart, a son.

DEATHS

McLaughlin—At Napanee, on Saturday, Feb. 2, 1929, William P. McLaughlin, aged 34 years, 8 months.

Charles—At Yarker, on Monday, Feb. 4th, 1929, Catherine Connoly, widow of the late John Charles.

Robertson—At Tyendinaga, on Friday, Feb. 1st, 1929, Frederick J. C. Robertson, aged 90 years, 1 month.

Has the "flu" left you or the children with a nasty, lingering cough ? Howard's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is considered one of the best preparations for correcting this. In 35c., 60c. and 90c. bottles at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

LOWER CALIFORNIA

Long, Narrow Peninsula of Western Mexico Is Reported to Be Slowly Rising From Sea.

Lower California, the long, narrow peninsula of western Mexico, which stretches southward from the United States-Mexican border, is reported to be slowly rising from the sea. Surveys show the land area to be growing wider, while the elongated Gulf of California, between the peninsula and the mainland of Mexico, is steadily becoming narrower and shallower.

"The rising of a considerable area of land is not some strange portent of a world cataclysm," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographic Society. "It is a perfectly orderly process of nature that, together with the sinking of other areas, has been going on for hundreds of millions of years. Poets may talk of the 'everlasting hills' and 'terra firma,' but science must take these terms in a most Pickwickian sense. The 'everlasting hills' are washed away rather promptly and the 'firm' earth, if one considers it over periods of geologic time, rises and falls as though riding on some cosmic seesaw.

"It is fortunate for man and his development that the solid earth has not been a static, unmoving thing. Had it not reacted to the grinding of the waves and the ice sheets and to the burdens which these forces placed upon it, it is highly probable that there would not be a square foot of dry land to-day, but that, instead, an ocean two miles deep would cover the whole globe.

"The latest geological thought sees in the continent masses of relatively light solid matter which float on hot, glassy material some forty or more miles below, much as icebergs float in water. The ocean basins are looked upon as underlaid by heavier solid matter which does not float as high as the light land. There is a balanced condition, but various forces are constantly tending to disturb this balance. To regain its balance, the land must readjust itself, warping up here and down there, rising a bit vertically at one place and sinking somewhat at another, or perhaps shifting a little horizontally.

"With all the evidence of past risings and sinkings (or uplifts and subsidences, to put it technically) before us, it is only to be expected that places can be found in the world where the processes can be observed at work over a series of years. Sometimes the earth's ups and downs occur very suddenly in connection with earthquakes. A part of the coast of Alaska rose forty-seven feet overnight in 1899 as the result of a severe tremor. After the Messina earthquake of 1908 a considerable area of the 'toe' of Italy and the eastern coast of Sicily was found to have sunk several inches.

"The Japanese earthquake of 1923 changed depths in Sagami Bay, south of Tokio and Yokohama, by hundreds of feet and some sections of the shore were raised six feet."

Sir Campbell's Next Venture.

That ardent Canadian, Sir Campbell Stuart, one of the directors of the London Times and the Canadian representative on the Cable and Wireless committee, is about to issue a new Review exclusively concerned with Canadian affairs, says John o' London's Weekly. It is to contain articles in English and French, so as to appeal to all sections of the Canadian population. Its circulation will be restricted to Canada and to readers in the Old Country specially interested in Canadian life.

February Bargains !

WOMEN'S FAWN, BROWN, BLACK AND GREY Overshoes. Regular $3.50 and $4.00 value. All sizes Special	$1.89
WOMEN'S HIGH BLACK Overshoes four buckles and two buckles, and two domes Special	$1.49
WOMEN'S ZIPPERS Best Qualities and all colours up to $5.50 value. Special	$3.95
WOMEN'S FELT BOOTS leather vamps and quarters, leather soles and rubber heels Special	$1.95
MEN'S LUMBERMAN RUBBERS Goodrich Hi Press Brand. Special	$2.69
BOYS' LUMBERMEN RUBBERS all black Special	$1.95
YOUTHS' LUMBERMAN RUBBERS all black Special	$1.69

Watch This Space Next Week for Bargains.

The Haines Shoe House,
Largest Dealers in Shoes in this district.
NAPANEE

PLAYS IN CHURCH.

Old Mystery Play, Earliest Form of Drama, Is Being Revived.

The question of stage plays performed in churches was raised in a recent police court case in Manchester, England, when it was argued that from time immemorial plays had been performed in churches, says a writer in Answers.

In the Middle Ages the only drama known to the mass of the people was that provided by the church. The plays, in which many simple folk took part, were always sacred in character. They were performed at first in the churches and later on movable stages set up in the open air.

To-day there is only one lineal descendant of these picturesque old plays, the Passion Play, which is given every ten years at Ober-Ammergau, a beautiful little village in the Bavarian Alps.

The representation, which has never been changed for three hundred years, is given on a vast stage, eight hundred villagers taking part. So strong has become the hold of this play upon the villagers that it colors their daily lives, and to play in the Passion Play is the ambition of every child in the community.

Only twice in three hundred years have the villagers failed to produce their famous play. Once when fire destroyed the village, and once during the war.

Will mystery plays be revived in England? asks Answers. Many churchmen are advocating a revival, but there are many objections, the chief of them being the inherent diffidence of promoters to present the central figure.

The law in Britain forbids the presentation of the figure of Christ upon the stage, but there is apparently nothing to prevent a vicar from taking the part of Christ. In fact, at a mystery play performed at St. Chrysostom's, Peckham, recently, the vicar, Mr. Potter, took that part and also the role of Judas.

LAMPS.

Ur of the Chaldees Had Lamps Four Thousand Years Ago.

Among the most notable finds of the past season at ancient Ur of the Chaldees in Mesopotamia, under the joint auspices of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania are oil lamps of beautiful design dating to nearly 4,000 years before Christ, revealing a civilization older than that of Europe.

"Thus, however far back we are permitted to peep into the dim past," the leader, Mr. Patterson continues, "when man, with the same nature and feelings as we, lived and loved, worked and died, we find him facing the same problems as we do to-day, in seeking to regulate the light of day which entered his buildings, and to supplement it at night as effectively as his knowledge would permit.

"But from 4,000 years before Christ to 1800 A.D., close to 6,000 years, that knowledge took him no further than the use of a wick dipped in oil, or later, of the candle made from natural oil and fats. But with the beginning of the last century a new era began, an era in which dawned the possibility of unlimited light during the hours of natural darkness."

WHALING.

Primitive Methods Used by Orkney Islanders.

Orkney Islanders have been interested in the whaling industry since time immemorial, and although the methods are rather primitive they sometimes yield exceptionally good results, as the following account shows:

A school of bottle-nosed whales were sighted about a mile from the land, swimming towards the shore. The "fiery cross" was immediately raised, and in an incredible short space of time the entire population assembled on the shore. Crews were promptly formed, and every conceivable form of craft was launched. Each boat took aboard a cargo of ammunition and each member of the crew was armed; some with scythe blades and hay-forks, while others had formidable looking knives lashed to long sticks. The ammunition consisted of round pebbles.

When the fleet got the whales between them and the shore they formed a long unbroken line and advanced on the unsuspecting school of whales which gambolled along like enormous porpoises. When they got within range the whalers set up a tremendous noise; rattling cans and yelling like Red Indians. The whales, no doubt, wondering what was causing such a terrible commotion, careered madly towards the shore. If any tried to turn back they received such a trolley of stones that they soon joined the main herd, which were driven forward like a flock of sheep.

On coming to the mouth of a "voe" or bay they were driven in, and in a few minutes were floundering in the shallows. The real work of destruction now began. The leader was first of all picked out and despatched because a leaderless school is doomed. Whaling is very dangerous work and boats are frequently smashed by the furious blows the whales deal in their death-agonies. The bottle-nosed whale is the only species that will drive in this manner.

REMOVED THE CAUSE.

How Wilson MacDonald Stopped the Lady Cackling.

To the poetic gifts which in recent years have won him such widespread recognition, Wilson MacDonald, author of "Out of the Wilderness," adds something unusual and rather unexpected in any poet—a rare mastery of sleight of hand. Not merely is he familiar with the old-time magician's bag of tricks, but he has invented new stunts, primarily to amuse children, of whom he is very fond.

In recent years Mr. MacDonald has visited almost every important community in Canada giving recitals and addresses, in addition to his earlier explorations in those vast Canadian hinterlands where audiences are conspicuous by their absence. In the Canadian west he has always met with exceptional favor.

At one of his early recitals in Calgary, however, a wonderfully receptive audience included one woman who, it speedily became evident, had come to scoff. She ocupied a front seat, and so long as he was reciting his humorous poetry, Mr. MacDonald could still regard her as appreciative, though somewhat too raucously so. But when he turned to pathos the lady in the front seat not merely went on laughing, but laughed more loudly than ever.

A poem that brought tears to all other eyes merely rendered the woman yet more hilarious.

Mr. MacDonald excused himself to the audience, descended from the platform, and stood in front of the interrupted. Swiftly, deftly, he passed his hand over her hair several times.

And then he produced—an egg.

"Now that the cause of the cackling has been removed," he said, "we will proceed."

Which he did—without any further cackling.

WALLPAPER.

Was Used for Ritual Purposes in China 2,000 Years Ago.

According to recent research, China was the first nation to make use of wallpaper. Traces have been discovered of wallpaper being used for ritual purposes 2,000 years ago.

Chinese families commemorated the death of their relatives by putting up a strip of wallpaper each time a death occurred.

Skins of animals, tapestries, and painted cloth were the forerunners of wallpaper in England. Wallpaper discovered some years ago at Christ's College, Cambridge, is now believed to be the first made in Britain. Its date was apparently 1509, for on the other side of the paper appeared a poem concerning the death of Henry VII. and a proclamation of Henry VIII.

It is thought that Henry VIII., proud of coming to the throne at the early age of eighteen, sent a bundle of proclamations to his grandmother, and she, being a very frugal woman, had the pattern stamped on the back.

Old wallpaper cost approximately one shilling and a penny a yard. The first patent for its manufacture was taken out in 1692.

Methuselah of the Forest.

The Gen. Sherman Big Tree in the Sequoia National Park, California, is estimated to be at least four thousand years old, is still producing an annual crop of cones from which fall millions of fertile seeds. There are nurseries in the park that contain many young trees, the progeny of this oldest and largest living thing.

The Methuselah of the forest perpetuates its kind to-day as it did when Cheops built the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

World's Highest Tower.

A new metal tower which is to be erected at the coming International Exhibition at Barcelona will be more than 1,300 feet high, or over 300 feet taller than the Eiffel Tower in Paris. The tower will have hotels, a museum, a reading-room, and a wireless station.

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WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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(Continued from page 3.)

man could possibly ask for. Dorothy and I glanced over the log, but gained little information. As the sun reached the meridian I ventured again into the cabin and returned with the necessary instruments to determine our position. With these and the pricked chart, I managed fairly well in determining our location, and choosing the most direct course toward the coast.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A New Plan of Escape.

Nothing occurred during the afternoon to disturb the routine work aboard or to cause me any uneasiness. Sunset brought clouds, and by the time it was really dark the entire sky was overcast, but the sea remained comparatively calm and the wind steady.

It was a pleasant night in spite of the darkness, the air soft and refreshing. The locker was filled with flags, representing almost every nation on earth. I dragged these out and spread them on the deck abaft the cabin, thus forming a very comfortable bed, and at last induced the girl to lie down, wrapping her in a blanket. Finally I found a seat beside her on a coil of rope, and we fell into conversation.

This was the first opportunity we had enjoyed to actually talk with each other alone.

"Dorothy," I said humbly, "you were frightened last night. I cannot hold you to what you said to me then."

"You mean you do not wish to? But I was not frightened."

"And you still repeat what you said then? You said, 'I love you.'"

"Yes, I can repeat that—I love you."

"Those are dear, dear words; but I ought not to listen to them, or believe. I am not free to ask a pledge of you, or to beg you to trust me in marriage."

"Is not that rather for me to decide?" she questioned archly. "I make a confession now. You remember the night I met you on deck, when you were a prisoner, and told you that you had become the property of Roger Fairfax? I loved you then, although I scarcely acknowledged the truth even to myself. We are all alike, we Fairfaxes; we choose for ourselves, and laugh at the world. That is my answer, Geoffry Carlyle; I give you love for love."

"I would ask an opportunity denied me—to stand once more in honor among men. I would not be ashamed before Dorothy Fairfax."

"Nor need you be," she exclaimed impetuously, her hands pressing mine. "You wrong yourself, even as you have been wronged. You have already done that which shall win you freedom, if it be properly presented to those in power. I mean that it shall be, once I am safely back in Virginia. Tell me, what are your plans with—with this schooner?"

"To beach it somewhere along shore, and leave it there a wreck, while we escape. The men insist on it with good reason. They have been pirates, and might be hung if caught."

"And yet to my mind," she insisted earnestly, "that choice is most dangerous. I am a girl, but if I commanded here, do you know what I would do? I would sail this vessel straight to the Chesapeake and surrender it to the authorities. The men have nothing to fear with me aboard and ready to testify in their behalf. The governor will accept my word without a question. These men are not pirates, but honest seamen compelled to serve in order to save their lives; they mutinied and captured the bark, but were later overcome, and compelled to take the boats. The same plea can be made for you, Geoffry, only you were there in an effort to save me. It is a service which ought to win you freedom. If the governor fail me, I will bear my story to the feet of the king. I am a Fairfax, and we have friends in England, strong, powerful friends."

"I am convinced," I admitted, after a pause, "that this course is the wiser one, but fear the opposition of the men. They will never go willingly."

"There is an argument which will overcome their fear. I mean cupidity. Each sailor aboard has an interest in the salvage of this vessel under the English law. Also there must be gold aboard—perhaps treasure also. Let the crew dream that dream and you will need no whip to drive them into an English port."

"Full pardon, and possibly wealth with it," I laughed. "A beautiful scheme, Dorothy, yet it might work. Still, if I know sailormen, they would doubt the truth, if it came direct from me, for I am not really one of them."

"But Watkins is. Explain it all to him; tell him who I am, the influence I can wield in the colony, and then let him whisper the news to the others. Will you not do this—for my sake?"

"Yes," I answered; "I believe you have found the right course. If you will promise to lie down and sleep I will talk with Watkins now. I may catch some catnaps before morning, but most of the time shall be prowling about deck. Good night, dear girl."

She extended her arms, and drew me down until our lips met.

"You are actually afraid of me still," she said. "Why should you be?"

"Somehow, Dorothy, you have always seemed so far away from me I have never been able to forget. But now the touch of your lips has—"

"Broken down the last barrier?"

"Yes, forever."

"Are you sure? Would you not feel still less doubt if you kissed me again?"

I held her closely, gazing down into the dimly revealed outline of her face, and this time felt myself the master.

I left her there and groped my own way forward. I found Watkins awake. He listened gravely to what I had to say, with little comment, and was evidently weighing every argument in his mind.

"I've bin in Virginia and Maryland, sir," he said at last seriously, "and if the young woman is a Fairfax, she'll likely have influence enough ter do just whut she says. I'll talk it over with the lads. If they wus only sure thar wus treasure aboard I guess most of 'em would face hell ter git their hands on a share of it."

"Then why not search and see?"

He shook his head obstinately.

"Not me, sir! I don't prowl around in no cholera ship, loaded with dead men—not if I never git rich."

"Then I will," and I got to my feet in sudden determination. "You keep the deck while I go below. Light the lantern and bring it here. If there is any specie hidden aboard this hooker it will be either in the cabin or lazaret. And, whether there is or not, my man, the Santa Marie turns north tomorrow if I have to fight every sea wolf on board single-handed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

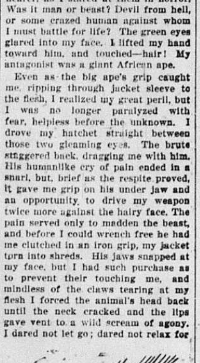
A Struggle in the Dark.

He came back with the lantern in his hand, a mere tin box containing a candle, the dim flame visible through numerous punctures. Neither of us spoke until my hand was on the companion door ready to slide it open.

"I'll not be long below," I said soberly. "Better go forward and see that your lookout men are awake, and then come back here."

The port stateroom I had not previously entered because of a locked door. I determined on breaking in here. There was no key in the lock, and the stout door resisted by efforts. Placing the lantern on the deck I succeeded finally in inserting the blade of a hatchet so as to gain a purchase sufficient to release the latch. As the door yielded a sharp cry assailed me from within. It came forth so suddenly and with so wild an accent I stepped blindly backward in fright, my foot overturning the lantern, which, with a single flicker of the candle, went out. In that last gleam I saw a dim, grotesque outline fronting me. Then, in the darkness, gleamed two green, menacing eyes, growing steadily larger, nearer, as I stared at them in horror. Was it man or beast? Devil from hell, or some crazed human against whom I must battle for life? The green eyes glared into my face. I lifted my hand toward him, and touched—hair! My antagonist was a giant African ape.

Even as the big ape's grip caught me, ripping through jacket sleeve to the flesh, I realized my great peril, but I was no longer paralyzed with fear, helpless before the unknown. I drove my hatchet straight between those two gleaming eyes. The brute staggered back, dragging me with him. His humanlike cry of pain ended in a snarl, but, brief as the respite proved, it gave me grip on his under jaw and an opportunity to drive my weapon twice more against the hairy face. The pain served only to madden the beast, and before I could wrench free he had me clutched in an iron grip, my jacket torn into shreds. His jaws snapped at my face, but I had such purchase as to prevent their touching me, and mindless of the claws tearing at my flesh I forced the animal's head back until the neck cracked and the lips gave vent to a wild scream of agony. I dared not let go; dared not relax for



I Dared Not Let Go.

an instant the exercise of every ounce of strength. I felt as though the life was being squeezed out of me by the grasp of those hairy arms; yet the very vise in which I was held yielded me leverage. The hatchet dropped to the deck and both my hands found lodgment under the jaw, the muscles of my arms strained to the utmost, as I forced back that horrid head. Little by little it gave way, the suffering brute whining in agony, until, the pain becoming unendurable, the clinging arms suddenly released their hold 'etting me drop heavily to the deck.

By some good fortune I fell upon the discarded hatchet, and stumbled to my feet once more, gripping the weapon again in my fingers. I sprang straight toward him, sending the sharp blade of the hatchet crashing against the skull. The aim was good, the stroke a death blow, yet the monster got me with one paw, and we fell t the deck together, he savagely clawing me in his death agony. Then the hairy figure quivered and lay motionless. I released the stiffening grip, rising to my knees, only to immediately pitch forward unconscious.

When I came back once more to 'ife I was upon the schooner's deck breathing the fresh night air, Dorothy and Watkins bending over me.

CHAPTER XXX.

Opening of the Treasure Chest.

The dawn came slowly, and with but little increase of light. The breeze had almost entirely died away, leaving the canvas aloft motionless, the schooner barely moving through a slightly heaving sea, in the midst of a dull-gray mist. When Watkins emerged from the mist I proposed to him that we go below and continue the search for gold. He was not anxious to go and Dorothy persuaded me to let her go with me. In the room where the ape had been hidden we found a big chest and I set to work to open it.

It proved harder than I had believed, the staple of the lock clinging to the hard teak wood of which the chest was made. The lid was heavy, but as I finally forced it backward a hinge snapped and permitted it to drop crashing to the deck. For an instant I could see nothing within.

"Lift up the lantern, Dorothy, please. No, higher than that. What in God's name? Why, it is the corpse of a woman!"

I heard her cry out, and barely caught the lantern as it fell from her hand. At first I doubted the evidence of my own eyes, snatching the bit of flaring candle from its tin socket and holding it where the full glare of light fell across the grewsome object. Ay, it was a woman, with lower limbs doubled back from lack of space, but otherwise lying as though she slept, so perfect in preservation her cheeks appeared flushed with health, her lips half smiling. It was a face of real beauty—an English face, although her eyes and hair were dark and her mantilla and long earrings were unquestionably Spanish. A string of pearls encircled her throat, and there were numerous rings upon her fingers. The very contrast added immeasurably to the horror.

"She is alive! Surely she is alive!" The words were sobbed into my ear from Dorothy's lips.

"Alive! No, that is impossible!" I touched the figure with my hand. "The flesh is like stone," I said, "thus held lifelike by some magic of the Indies. What can it all mean? Who could the woman be? It is love or hate?"

"Not love, Geoffry. Love would never do this thing. It is hate, the gloating of revenge; there can be no other answer—this is the end of a tragedy."

There was nothing, not a scrap of paper, not even the semblance of a wound exposed. The smile on those parted lips had become one of mockery; I could bear the sight no longer, and rose to my feet, clasping Dorothy close to me, as she still gazed down in fascination at the ghastly sight.

"We will never know. The man who could tell is dead."

"Captain Paradilla?"

"Who else could it be? This was his schooner, and here he alone could hide such a secret. There is nothing more we can learn, and the horror unnerves me. Hold the light, dear, while I replace the lid of the chest."

It required my utmost effort to accomplish this. I was glad to have the thing hidden, to escape the stare of those fixed eyes, the death smile of those red lips. It was no longer a reality but a dream of delirium; I dare not think or speculate—my only desire being to get away, to get Dorothy away. In absolute terror I drew her with me to the open door—then stopped, paralyzed; the half revealed figure of a man appeared on the cabin stairs.

"Stop! Who are you?"

"Watkins, sir. I came below to call you. There's sumthin' bloomin' odd takin' place out there in the fog, Captain Carlyle. We want yer on deck, sir, right away."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Boat Attack.

He waited for us just without the companion, but my eyes caught nothing unusual as I emerged into the daylight. I could barely see amidships, and on either side hung the impenetrable bank of cloud, leaving sea and sky invisible.

"What is it, Watkins? Where are the men?"

"Forrard, sir, a-hangin' over the starboard rail. Thar's somethin' cursedly strange a-happenin' in that fog. Ole was the first ter hear the clatter ov en oar slippin' in a rowlock. Then, sir, while we wus a-listenin' we both caught sound ov a Spanish oath, spoke as plain as if the buck was aboard."

"A lost boat, likely—shipwrecked sailors adrift in the fog; perhaps our other quarterboat. No one hailed them?"

"No, sir; I told the men ter keep still till I called you."

The crew were all gathered at the rail, staring out into the mist, whispering to each other. I pressed my way among them. We may have been clinging there a minute of two, breathlessly listening. Then a voice spoke directly in front of me out from the dense fog.

"Try the port oar, Pedro; we must have missed the d——n ship."

I straightened up as though struck, my eyes seeking those of Watkins, who stared back at me, his mouth wide open in astonishment.

"You heard that?" I whispered. "Do you know who spoke?"

"Do I? Dead or alive, sir, it was Manuel Estevan."

"Ay; no other, and alive enough, no doubt. Lads, come close to me and listen—they must not hear us out there. By some devil's trick the Namur has followed our course, or else yonder are a part of his crew cast away. They clearly know of us—perhaps had a glimpse through some rift in the cloud—and are seeking to board with a boat party. 'Tis not likely those devils know who we are; probably take us for a merchant ship becalmed in the fog and liable to become an easy prey, if they can only slip on us unseen. How are you, bullies? Ready to battle your old mates?"

"Those were no mates o' ours, sir," said Watkins indignantly. "They are half-breed mongrels, and no sailors; Estevan is a hell-hound, an' so far as my voice goes, I'd rather die on this deck than ever agin be a bloody pirate. It that the right words, lads?"

The others grumbled assent, but their muttered words had in them a ring of sincerity, and their faces exhibited no cowardice. One only asked a question.

"I'm fer fightin', sir," he said grimly, "but what'll we use? Them lads ain't comin' aboard bare-handed, but damn if I've seed a weapon on this hooker."

"Dar's three knives, an' a meat cleaver in der galley, sah," chimed in Sam.

"We'll do well enough; some of you have your sheath knives yet, and the rest can use belaying pins and capstan bars. The point is to not let them get aboard, and, if there is only one boat, we will be pretty even-handed. Pick up what you can, and man this rail—quietly now, hearties, and keep your eyes open."

It proved a longer wait than I expected. Unable to withstand the inaction any longer I turned and took a few steps aft, thinking to gauge our progress by the wake astern. I was abaft the cabin on the port side when Dorothy called my name—a sudden accent of terror in her voice.

The alarm was sounded none too soon. Either fortune, or skill, had served those demons well. They had succeeded in circling the stern of the Santa Marie, unseen and unheard by anyone aboard. Even as she shrieked the alarm, a hand was at her throat, and she was struggling desperately in the merciless grip of a half-naked Indian.

Yet at that they were too late, the advantage of surprise had failed them. A half dozen had reached the deck, leaping from the rail, the others below clambering after their leaders, when with a rush we met them. It was a fierce, mad fight, fist and club pitted



It Was a Fierce, Mad Fight.

against knife and cutlass, but the defenders struck like demons incarnate. I doubt if the struggle lasted two minutes. I heard the blows, the oaths, the cries of pain, the dull thud of wood against bone, the sharp clang of steel in contact, the shuffling of feet on the deck, the splash of bodies hurled overboard. Each man fought for himself, in his own way. I thought only of her, and leaped straight for her assailant with bare hands, smashing recklessly through the hasty guard of his cutlass and gripped the copper devil by hair and throat. I knew he fell to the deck beneath our feet, but I had my work cut out for me. He was a hell-hound, slippery as an eel in his half nakedness, strong as an ox, and fighting like a fiend. Yet I had him foul, my grip unbreakable, as I forced his neck back against the rail, until it cracked, the swarthy body sliding inert to the deck. Whirling to assist the others I found no need. Except for bodies here and there the deck was clear; men were struggling in the chains; two below in the boat were endeavoring to cast off, and Schmitt, with Estevan helpless in his arms, staggered to the side and flung the shrieking Spanish cur overboard out into dark water. I heard the splash as he fell, the single cry his lips gave, but he never again appeared above the surface. Above the bedlam Watkins roared out an order.

"That's it, bullies! that's it! Now let her drop! We'll send them to hell where they belong. Good shot; she landed!"

It was the hank of a spare anchor, balanced for an instant on the rail, then sent crashing down through the frail bottom of the boat beneath. The wreck drifted away into the fog, the two miserable occupants clinging desperately to the gunwales. I lifted Dorothy to her feet, and she clung to me unsteadily, her face yet white.

"Watkins, have you figured up results?"

"Two of our men are cut rather badly, and one hasn't come to yet from a smart rap on the head."

"None got away?"

"Not 'less they swum, thar's six dead ones aboard. Four took ter the water, mostly because they hed to. The only livin' one o' the bunch is thet nigger 'longside the wheel, an' nuthin' but a thick skull saved him."

"Then there were eleven in the party. What do you suppose has become of the others aboard the Namur?"

"I dunno, sir; they might be a waitin' out there in fog. Perhaps the nigger cud tell you."

I crossed over to where the fellow sat on a grating, his head in his hands, the girl still clinging to my sleeve, as though fearful of being left alone. The man was a repulsive brute, his face stained with blood dripping from a cut across his low forehead. He looked up sullenly at our approach, but made no effort to rise.

"Look yere, you black villain," roared Watkins, driving the lesson home with his foot, "don't be a playin' possum yer. Stand up an' answer Mister Carlyle, or yer'll git a worse clip than I give yer afore. Whar is the bloody bark?"

"Pounding her heart out on the rocks yonder," he said civilly, "unless she's slid off an' gone down. To the west, maybe a mile er so."

"What about the crew?"

"They got away in the boats, an' likely mostly are ashore. We were in the last boat launched, and headed out so far ter get 'round a ledge o' rocks we got lost in the fog. Then the mist sorter opened an' give us a glimpse o' yer topsails. We didn't expect no fight, once we got aboard."

"Expected to find something easy, of course? Perhaps it would have been if—what is it you see out there, Simms?"

The seaman, who was standing with hollowed hands shading his eyes, staring forth into the swirling drapery of fog, turned at my call and pointed excitedly.

"There's a bark aground yonder, sir; and it looks like the Namur!"

Even as I crossed the deck to his side the wreaths of obscuring mist seemed to divide, as though swept apart by some mighty hand, and there in the full glow of the sun, a picture in a frame, lay the wrecked vessel. Others saw it as I did, and gave vent to recognition.

"Damned if it ain't the old hooker!"

"She got what was coming to her all right mates."

"And she's lousy with treasure!"

"Come here, Sam! That's the last of the Namur."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Last of the Namur.

The vessel was plainly a total wreck, rapidly pounding to death on a sharp ledge of rock. Both masts were down, and, lifted as the bow was, it was easy to perceive the deck was in splinters where falling spars and topmasts had crushed their way through. The bows had caught, seemingly jammed in between rocks, the stern sunk deep, with cabin port holes barely above reach of the waves. Not a living thing appeared on board, and, as the fog slowly drifted away, my eyes could discern no sign of any boat, no evidence of the crew, along the wide sweep of water. A voice aroused me.

"What was it you said, Jack, 'bout treasure on the old hooker? Why not get it afore it's too late?"

"It's thar, all right, Ole," and I knew the speaker to be Haines. "Ain't it, Mr. Carlyle?"

"Yes, lads, there must be money on board, unless those fellows took it with them in the boats. I know of fifty thousand pounds stolen in Virginia, and no doubt there is more than that. The bark is liable to slide off that rock any minute and go down like a stone. What do you say, bullies? Here is a risky job, but a pocket full of gold pieces, if we can get aboard and safely off again. Who'll go across with me?"

There was a babel of voices, the men crowding about me, all else forgotten as greed gripped their imaginations.

"Stand back, lads! I cannot use all of you. Four will be enough. You'll not lose anything of what we bring back; it'll be share and share alike, so fall, to, hearties."

I paused an instant to speak to Dorothy, seated on the flag locker, explaining to her swiftly my object in exploring the wreck and pledging myself not to be reckless in attempting to board. I read fear in her eyes, yet she said nothing to dissuade me.

I slipped down a rope and dropped into the boat, taking my place with a steering oar at the stern, and we shot away through the green water. The Namur proved to be a more complete wreck than our distant view had revealed, and lying in a more precarious position. It was no pleasant job getting aboard, but ordering Haines to accompany me, and the others to lie by, I made use of a dangling backstay, and thus hauled myself up to a reasonably secure footing. The fellow joined me breathless, and together we perched on the rail to gain view of the deck.

It was a distressing, hopeless sight, the vessel rising before us like the roof of a house, the deck planks stove in, a horrible jumble of running rigging, booms and spars, blocking the way forward. There were three bodies tangled in the wreckage within our sight, crushed out of all human resemblance, and the face of a negro, caught beneath the ruins of the galley, seemed to grin back at me in death. Every timber groaned as the waves struck and rocked the sodden mass, and I had no doubt but that the vessel had already broken in two.

Haines was evidently reluctant, but sailor enough to follow as I lowered myself to the deck, clinging hard to keep my footing on the wet incline. A light spar had lodged here, and by making this a species of bridge, we crept as far as the companion, the door of which was open, and gained a view of the scene below. It was a dismal hole in the dim light, but presented no obstacle to our entrance, and I led the way down the stairs, gripping the rail to keep from falling.

The door of the captain's room gave, but it required our combined efforts to press it open against the volume of water, slushing about within. For a moment my eyes could scarcely recognize the various objects as I clung to the frame of the door and stared blindly about in the gloom. Then slowly they assumed shape and substance. Screwed to the deck, the furniture retained its place, but everything else was jammed in a mass of wreckage, or else floating about in a foot of water, deepening toward the stern. There were two chests in the room, one of which I instantly recognized as that of Roger Fairfax. The sight of this made me oblivious to all else.

"There's the chest we want, Haines," I cried, pointing it out. "Have the lads back the boat up to this port; then come down and help me handle it."

"Yes, sir," his voice trembling, "but—but isn't that a man over there—in the bunk? Good God, sir; look at him!"

The white, ghastly face stared at us, looking like nothing human in that awful twilight. I actually thought it a ghost, until with desperate effort the man lifted himself, clinging with gaunt fingers to the edge of the bunk. Then I knew.

"Sanchez! You! those cowards left you here to die!"

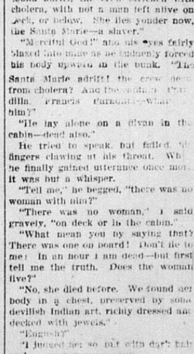
"No one came for me," he answered, choking so the words were scarcely intelligible. "Who are you, and what brought you here?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Captain Sanchez," and I stepped closer. "We risked coming aboard to save that chest—Roger Fairfax's chest—before it went down. This vessel has its back broken, and may slide off into deep water at any minute. We must get you out of here first."

"Get me out!" he laughed hideously. "To hell with your help. I want none of it. I am a dead man now, and the easiest way to end all will be to go down with the ship—'twill be a fit coffin for Black Sanchez. By God! I know you now—Geoffry Carlyle?"

"Yes, but an enemy no longer."

"That is for me to say. I hate your race, your breed. The very sound of



"D——n You, Take Your Gold and Go!"

your name drives me mad. I accept no rescue from you! Damn you, take your gold and go."

"But why?" I insisted, shocked at the man's violence. "Is it because I interfered between you and Dorothy Fairfax?"

"That chit; bah, what do I care for her but as a plaything. No, my hate runs deeper than that. How came you here—in the boat stolen from the Namur?"

"No, Captain Sanchez. The day after we left the ship we boarded a schooner found adrift, the crew stricken with cholera, with not a man left alive on deck, or below. She lies yonder now, the Santa Marie—a slaver."

"Merciful God!" and his eyes fairly blazed into mine as he suddenly forced his body upward in the bunk. "The Santa Marie adrift! the crew dead from cholera? And the captain—Paradilla, Francis Paradilla—what of him?"

"He lay alone on a divan in the cabin—dead also."

He tried to speak, but failed, his fingers clawing at his throat. When he finally gained utterance once more it was but a whisper.

"Tell me," he begged, "there was no woman with him?"

"There was no woman," I said gravely, "on deck or in the cabin."

"What mean you by saying that? There was one on board! Don't lie to me! In an hour I am dead—but first tell me the truth. Does the woman live?"

"No, she died before. We found her body in a chest, preserved by some devilish Indian art, richly dressed and decked with jewels."

"English?"

"I judged her so, but with dark hair and eyes. You knew her?"

"In the name of all the fiends, yes! And I know her end. He killed her—Paradilla killed her—because she was as false to him as she had been to me. Hell! but it is strange you should be the one to find her—to bring me this tale, Geoffry Carlyle!"

"Why? What is it to me?"

"You go back to England and tell the duke of Buccleugh how his precious sister died."

"His sister! Good God, you cannot mean that woman was Lady Sara Carlyle?"

"Who should know better than I?" sneeringly. "Once I was called in England Sir John Collinswood."

He sank back exhausted, struggling for breath, but with eyes glowing hatred. I knew it all now, the dimly remembered story coming vividly back to memory. Here then was the ending of the one black stain on the family honor of our race. On this strange coast, three thousand miles from its beginning, the final curtain was being rung down, the drama finished. The story had come to me in whispers from others, never even spoken about by those of our race—a wild, headstrong girl, a secret marriage, a duel in the park, her brother desperately wounded, and then the disappearance of the pair. Ten days later it was known that Sir John Collinswood had defaulted in a large sum—but from that hour England knew him no more. As though the sea had swallowed them both, man and woman disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

The face I gazed dumbly into was drawn and white with pain, yet the thin lips grinned back at me in savage derision.

"You remember, I see," he snarled. "Then out of here, Geoffry Carlyle. Leave me to die in peace. The gold is there; take it, and my curse upon it. Hurry now—do you hear the bark grate on the rocks; it's near the end."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Before the Governor.

The sound startled me; I imagined I heard the keel slipping, yet before we had reached the door opening on deck the slight movement ceased. My hand gripped the frightened Haines.

"Tell them in the boat to do as I said; then come back here."

"My God, sir, she's a goin' down."

"Not for some minutes yet. There are thousands of pounds in that chest; you've risked life for less many a time. Jump, my man!"

The boat lay in close, bobbing up and down dangerously, yet held firmly beneath the opened port. The box was heavy enough to tax the strength of two men to handle it, but of a size and shape permitting its passage. Sanchez had raised himself again, and clung there to the edge of the bunk watching us.

"Now let down easy, lads," I called. "No, place it amidships; get it even, or you go over. Fix it to ride steady, and stand by—we'll pass a wounded man out to you!"

I stepped across to Sanchez. He saw

(Continued on page 7)

FARMER'S WIFE GETS STRENGTH

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Wolves of the Sea

(Continued from page 6.)

me coming, and drew back, his ghastly face like a mask.

"No you don't, Carlyle!" he snapped sagrily. "Keep your hands off me. So you want me to die with my neck in a noose, do you? I was born a gentleman, and, by God! I'll die like one—and go down with my ship. Get out of here now! You won't? You will, or else die here with me! I'll give you a minute to make your choice."

He left no doubt as to his meaning. From beneath the blanket, the black muzzle of a pistol looked straight into my eyes. The hand holding it was firm, the face fronting me savagely sardonic.

"I'd like to kill you, Carlyle," he hissed hatefully. "By God, I don't know why I shouldn't. Every time I look at you I see her face. If you take a step nearer I pull the trigger—go!"

It was a hard pull back to the Santa Marie. Dorothy greeted me first, and we stood close together at the rail as the men hoisted the chest on deck. She said nothing, asked nothing, but her hands clung to my arm, and whenever I turned toward her our eyes met.

There was a sudden cry forward, and a voice shouted:

"There she goes, boss!! That's the last o' the Namur!"

I turned swiftly, my hand grasping her fingers as they clung to the rail. The battered hulk slid downward, the deck breaking amidships as the stern subished into the depths; then that also toppled over, leaving nothing above water except the blunt end of a broken bowsprit, and a tangle of wreckage tossed about on the crest of the waves. I watched breathlessly, unable to utter a sound; I could only think of that stricken man in the cabin, those wild eyes which had threatened me. He was gone now—gone!

I yet held Dorothy's hand tightly clasped in my own, and the depths of her uplifted eyes questioned me.

"We will go aft, dear, and I will tell you the whole story," I said gently, for now we are homeward bound."

* * * * * * *

I write these few closing lines a year later in the cabin of the Ocean Spray, a three master, full to the hatches with a cargo of tobacco, bound for London, and a member, Dorothy is on deck eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the chalk cliffs of old England. I must join her presently, yet linger below to add these final sentences.

There is, after all, little which needs to be said. The voyage of the Santa Marie north proved uneventful, and, after that first night of storm, the weather held pleasant and the sea fairly smooth. I had some promise with the men, but nothing serious, as Watkins and Holmes held as I did, and the pledge of Dorothy's influence brought courage. I refused to open the chest, believing safety, and relying on my pardon, would depend largely on our handing this over in good faith to the authorities. Watkins and I guarded it night and day until the schooner rounded the cape and came into the Chesapeake. No attempt was made to find quarters below, the entire crew sleeping on deck, Dorothy comfortable on the flag locker.

It was scarcely sunrise, on the fifth day, when we dropped anchor against the current of the James, our sails furled and the red English colors flying from the peak. Two hours later the entire company were in the presence of the governor, where I told my story, gravely listened to, supplemented by the earnest plea of the young woman. I shall never forget that scene, or how breathlessly we awaited the decision of the great man, who so closely watched our faces. They were surely a strange, rough group as they stood thus, hats in hand, waiting to learn their fate, shaggy-haired, unshaven, largely scum of the sea, never before in such presence, shuffling uneasily before his glance, feeling to the full the peril of their position. Their eyes turned to me questioningly.

Opposite us, behind a long table, sat the governor, dignified, austere, his hair powdered and face smoothly shaven; while on either side of him were those of his council, many of the faces stern and unforgiving. But for their gracious reception of Dorothy and their careful attention to her words I should have lost heart. They questioned me shrewdly, although the governor spoke but seldom, and then in a kindly tone of sympathy and understanding. One by one the men were called forward, each in turn compelled to tell briefly the story of his life; and when all was done the eyes of the governor sought those of the council.

"You have all alike heard the tale, gentlemen," he said. "Nothing like it hath ever before been brought before this colony. Would you leave decision to me?"

There was a murmur of assent, as though they were thus gladly relieved of responsibility in so serious a matter. The governor smiled, his kindly eyes surveying us once more; then, with extended hand he bade Dorothy be seated.

"The story is seemingly an honest one," he said slowly, "and these seamen have done a great service to the colony. They deserve reward rather than punishment. That they who pleads for them is known to us all, and to even question her word is impossible. Unfortunately I have not the power of pardon in cases of piracy, nor authority to free bond slaves, without the approval of the home government; yet will exercise in this case whatsoever of power I possess. For gallant services rendered to the colony, and unselfish devotion to Mistress Dorothy Fairfax, I release Geoffry Carlyle from servitude pending advices from England; I also grant pardon to these seamen, on condition they remain within our jurisdiction until this judgment can be confirmed and full pardons issued. Is this judgment satisfactory, gentlemen?"

The members of the council bowed gravely, without speaking.

"The chest of treasure recovered from the sunken pirate ship," he went on soberly, "will remain unopened until final decision is made. As I understand, Master Carlyle, no one among you has yet seen its contents, or estimated its value?"

"No, your excellency. Beyond doubt it contains the gold stolen from Roger Fairfax; and possibly the result of other robberies at sea.

"The law of England is that a certain percentage of such recovered treasure belongs to the crown, the remainder, its true ownership undetermined, to be fairly divided among those recovering it."

"Yet," spoke up Dorothy quickly, "it must surely be possible to waive all claim in such cases?"

"Certainly; as private property it can be disposed of in any way desired. Was that your thought?"

"A Fairfax always pays his debt," she said proudly, "and this is mine."

There was a moment's silence as though each one present hesitated to speak. She had risen, and yet stood, but with eyes lowered to the floor. Then they were lifted and met mine in all frank honesty.

"There is another debt I owe," she said clearly, "and would pay, your excellency."

"What is that, fair mistress?"

She crossed to me, her hand upon my arm.

"To become the wife of Geoffry Carlyle."

THE END.

LIFE IN BORNEO.

Myrtle R. Morrison Says It Is Very Monotonous.

Life in Borneo, according to Myrtle R. Morrison is not arduous, but very monotonous. There are no roads, she writes, in British North Borneo and only 100 miles of railway. Also, there is only one train each way per day. As I write, the rain is pouring down, for it rains nearly every afternoon; we had 180 inches last year.

"My work starts at 5 a.m. — at least I get up then—and have rollcall of the various workers, and return to my bungalow for a cup of tea and toast. About 6:15 I go down to the office, and then go out on my rounds of the various workers, as I usually cover about seven miles before returning for breakfast at 9.30; out again at 10:15, and finished work for the day at 12:30 or 1. Not a hard life, but very monotonous. I am alone here in charge of 600 acres and 140 coolies, and I have other white people about twice a week.

"We have no big game in Borneo, or at least none to speak of. There are elephants on the east coast and there are wild pig, but not much else. Life in British North Borneo is not have so exciting as you would expect, but it is not bad, all things considered. We have some snakes, but not many, although I killed a small one this morning. We have to use a lot of tinned food here, which makes living rather expensive, but it is possible to live on one's salary — an impossible feat for an office boy in civilization on $300 a year."

LONDON TRAFFIC PLAN.

Suggests Erecting Balconies Over Sidewalks.

The traffic problems of London, like those of all great cities, are growing more perplexing year by year. One of the suggestions now being considered is that of balconies for pedestrians, attached to the floor above the street level.

These are considered by a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects to be the best, if not the only, feasible solution of the traffic congestion which has of late become such a problem in the London shopping district, especially along Regent street and Bond street.

The balconies, according to Mr. Bossom's plans, would be about 10 feet wide and would be approached by ramps at suitable intervals. They would be carried by bridges across the street intersections, and thus contribute materially toward relieving congestion at such points. It is the objection that arcades would darken ground floor windows, he declares that modern methods of electric window illumination render such objection futile.

The World's Workshop.

Britain has now become the world's workshop for aircraft, ships, and locomotives.

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CATCHING LIVE CHETAHS.

Natives Have Many Clever Methods of Snaring Wild Animals.

The Sawaras or native hunters of India have many clever methods of snaring wild animals.

One remarkable method, writes H. Oswald Pereira in the Times of India, is that of trapanning and taking the cheetah alive which, unlike the other cousins, can be tamed even though it has atained ma ure years. This animal, when it comes across a bed of leaves,—no matter whether it be dry or green—is seized with an irresistible inclination to jump into its midst and scatter the leaves about with its hind legs, in the manner of a fowl when scratching.

The Sawaras are aware of this singular habit. They accordingly gather a number of leaves of the teak tree, on the surface of which they besmear a thick semi-opaque, gummy substance known to them as "jinki." But before this they ascertain the haunts of the animal, and strew the leaves in a spot where they think the animal is likely to pass, taking care to so lay the leaves that the prepared sides are uppermost.

When "Mr. Cheetah" comes along, he says to himself; "Here is a fine leafy bed in which to disport myself." So thinking, he steps on it when his fate is settled. He feels a leaf stick on to his paw and shakes it in order to be rid of the nuisance; then finding the plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to gain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby dabbing the gummy substance on his nose and eyes, and closing the eyelids together.

By this time he has probably trodden upon some more of the treacherous leaves. Bewildered and irritated he rolls himself upon the ground and rubs his face on the earth in his efforts to get free. By so doing, he only adds more leaves to his head, body and limbs, against which his cleek and shiny fur in unsightly tufts of green, and finishes by hood-winking himself to perfection. His cleek leaves that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering bowls of dismay and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he is so long engaged.

These cries are a signal to the authors of the mischief, who run to the spot armed with sticks to one end of which are tied ropes in the form of a loop.

The cheetah being unable to see, allows them to approach near him. They immediately slip the loops on to his neck and pull them tight. His struggles are to no purpose. They lead him away and impound him in a hut.

And there he will have to remain abiding starva tion and the stick, until such time as he regards his captors in the light of masters.

THE POLICE-BOX.

System Is Working Well In the Old Country.

The police-box system, which is now spreading rapidly in the British Isles, is sometimes regarded as a Lancashire invention. But it isn't — it was in use in Glasgow years before the war.

Recently, the Manchester system has been much discussed. Briefly, the Manchester police-box is a small shelter, no; unlike a telephone-box, containing a telephone. While on his beat a policeman is supposed to ring up headquarters from these police-boxes at least nine time in eight hours' duty. If headquarters wants to send a message to him, an electrical device shows a yellow light in the box.

Often, of course, this yellow light may be burning while the constable is on another part of his beat, but now that the meaning of the light is realized, passers-by who notice it in action tell the policeman if they meet him.

The general result is that information is circulated much more quickly. In one case a woman found a letter left in the house by her husband, telling her that by the time she read it he would be in a certain canal. She took it to the police at once, and a message was got through to the police-box nearest the canal.

The policeman on duty hurried to the canal, and arrived just in time to see a man jump into the water. Within five minutes of the woman's call at the police station the man had been rescued.

Members of the public, as well as policemen, can use the boxes, and a good many of them have done so during the experimental period. But there have been no malicious calls, though in one or two cases children took off the receiver "to see how it worked."

The Glasgow authorities could give many instances of the usefulness of the police-box. In one case a Glasgow man was seriously injured at Newcastle Railway Station. Newcastle 'phoned to the Glasgow police, and a minute later the "alarm" light was burning in a police-box not far from the injured man's home. Two minutes later the policeman on that beat was knocking at the door of the house. In a quarter of an hour the wife was on her way to Newcastle.

London, also has police-boxes. The fall of a disk warns the constable on duty if the police sta ion wishes to communicate, and while there may not be electrical signalling at night, if an ordinary patrol lantern is placed so that the disk in falling cuts off the light, the policeman knows at once when he is wanted.

HAD KNOWLEDGE OF DRUGS.

Chinese Doctors Prescribed Medicine 5,000 Years Ago.

Five thousand years ago Chinese physicians had a wonderful knowledge of drugs, their reactions and uses. Secrets of which the physicians of the Western world are only now learning, according to the findings of Chinese medical works by Michael J. Hagerty, translator of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Hagerty has been working at the University of California library, making use of the numerous Chinese works available, with the assistance of Mien Woo, graduate student.

"Ma Huang," known to Western scientists as ephedrine sulphate, a recently developed preparation for the treatment of hay fever, asthma, hay fever and rhinitis, has been used in China for more than five thousand years, and the medicinal value of which has been found, in the ancient materia medica of Emperor Shen Hung, who reigned from 2737 to 2698 B.C.

The drug is an inexpensive and effective substitute for adrenalin in the treatmen. of catarrhal congestions, which is of great value to science. Numerous references to the drug, which is derived from a plant, are found in ancient Chinese works as collected by the Imperial Chinese Encyclopedia, together with "case histories," prescriptions, ci ations of its —apparently — manifold uses, and "testimonials" by physicians as to results obtained.

In the course of Hagerty's translations, its use as a cure for colds is most commonly cited.

HYDRO DEVELOPMENT

KEPT PACE LAST YEAR WITH GROWING NEEDS.

Horsepower for the Whole of Canada Totals 5,838,000 — Remarkable Progress Revealed In Report on Power Activities.

Remarkable development is shown in the annual review of hydro-electric progress for 1928. The statement is significant, coming at a time when world interest centres upon efforts being put forth in almost every civilized country to secure additional supplies of low-priced power for the needs of industry.

"During the year 1928," the report states, "the water wheels, or turbines, actually installed and brought into operation totalled 550,000 horsepower, thus bringing the total for the whole Dominion to a figure of 5,328,000 horsepower. In addition to this large increase, there are many projects under active completion, and others just recently initiated, whose combined installations will result in adding more than 1,200,000 horsepower to the country's total. There are also many projects of magnitude in the formative stage, some of which will undoubtedly be undertaken in the near future.

"For the actual development, transmission and distribution of the power currently installed in 1928, together with that now under active cons ruction, it is estimated that not less than $330,000,000 will be required. While for every dollar expended in power development competent authorities have estimated that six dollars is required in its application. It is necessary, therefore, to visualize the effects throughout the country of the expenditure of an amount reaching probably $2,300,000,000.

"With regard to the activities of 1928, while the works of greatest magnitude were in the Province of Quebec, as has been the case for the past few years, probably the most interesting feature is that practically every province was represented in the year's program.

"In British Columbia the West Kootenay Power & Light Co. practically completed its 75,000 horsepower at South Slogan, while the British Columbia Power Corporation, through its subsidiaries, brought into operation the 12,500 - horsepower Alouette Development, and advanced the construction of the 300,000-horsepower Bridge River project, which is expected to bring 56,000 horsepower into operation in 1931. Other smaller developments were also completed or well advanced.

"In Alberta the Calgary Power Co. commenced construction of its 36,000-horsepower Ghost Development on the Bow river, and extensively added to its transmission system in the southern part of the province.

"In Saskatchewan, the Churchill River Power Co. commenced work on a 42,000-horsepower development at Island Falls on the Churchill river, to supply power to the Flin Flon mine.

"In Manitoba the Manitoba Power Co. completed its 168,000-horsepower Great Falls development by opening up final two units of 30,000 horsepower each, while the City of Winnipeg initiated a new 100,000 horsepower plant at Slave Falls, and the Winnipeg Electric Co. began one of 225,000 horsepower at Seven Sisters Falls, both on the Winnipeg river.

"In Ontario the Hydro-Electric Power Commission brought into operation, on Oct. 1, the 220,000 volt transmission line carrying power from the Gatineau river to Toronto, and late in November a 110,000-volt line, also carrying power from the Gatineau to Ottawa, Smith's Falls and Brockville. The Spruce Falls Co. completed its 56,250-horsepower plant at Smokey Falls, on the Mattagami river, and the Ontario & Minnesota Power Co. its 13,200-horsepower development at Calm Lake, on the Seine river.

"In Quebec the Gatineau Power Co. completed its 204,000-horsepower development at Paugan Falls on the Gatineau river and built transmission lines to connect with the lines of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission. The Shawinigan Water & Power Co. installed its 160,000-horsepower unit at Shawinigan, the Duke-Price Power Co. a 45,000-horsepower at its Isle Maligne Station on the Saguenay river, while the Quebec Power Co. two 10,000-horsepower units at its Quinze river plant. Among large projects under way are those of the Price Power Co. on the Saguenay river with an initial installation of 260,000 horsepower and a 120,000 horsepower development at the Aven rve river by the James MacLaren Co.

"In New Brunswick the St. John River Power Co. brought into operation its Grand Falls plant on Oct. 3 with the first unit of 20,000 horsepower, two more units of similar capacity to follow next year.

"In Nova Scotia the Nova Scotia Power Commission has three power plants under construction on the Mersey river, totalling 31,050 horsepower, and another on the Tucket river with a capacity of 3,000 horsepower, while in 1928 the Avon River Power Co. completed its new 4,350-horsepower plant at Avon Falls, also one of 500 horsepower on the Fall river."

Betting on Games.

Betting in England is by no means a modern habit, says a writer in the London Daily Chronicle. Back in the days of Queen Anne, the inclination "to bet on anything" was apparently quite as strong as it is to-day. For, as one of the canons of Windsor has discovered, there was in the early part of the eighteenth century a great deal of betting on cricket. The game was then illegal. It had been made a punishable offence by Edward IV (1461-1483) because it took men away from archery, but in later days it was winked at. In Anne's reign it was a very popular pastime, and as not more than $50 was betted on a game.

Modernization Aids Sanity.

There are now fewer insane patients in Alaska than at any time since the white people took charge. Insanity generally was described as caused by the long winters and isolation from human society. Miners, trappers and reindeer herders were its victims.

Radios and airplanes have reduced this malady, physicians declare. Practically all the distant camps have radios to tell of events around the world and diffuse entertainment. Almost daily airplanes may be seen in every section of the territory, bringing letters, newspapers and supplies to the most isolated settlements.

Promotions in C.N.R. Legal Dept.



With the approval of Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways, Gerard Ruel, Vice-President of legal affairs, has issued the following circular:

"Consequent upon the much regretted demise of William Craig Chisholm (formerly General Counsel) who was an officer of unusual ability, of sterling worth, and a universal favorite, the following changes in staff are made, taking effect immediately:

"Reginald H. M. Temple, formerly Assistant General Counsel, is promoted to General Counsel.

"Alistair Fraser, K.C., formerly Commission Counsel, is promoted to Assistant General Counsel.

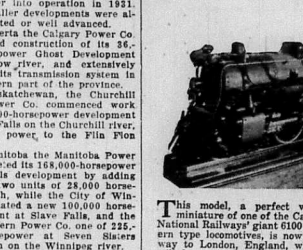
"The position of Commission Counsel is abolished."

Mr. Temple (left), joined the Canadian Northern Railway, twenty-three years ago as a member of the Accounts Branch of the Construction Department. Later he became Claims Agent and from that position he was transferred to the Legal Department, subsequently becoming General Solicitor at Toronto. In April, 1919, Mr. Temple was appointed regional counsel with headquarters at Winnipeg. In May, 1926, Mr. Temple was appointed Assistant General Counsel on the promotion of the late Mr. Chisholm to the position of General Counsel.

Mr. Temple is a native of Toronto. On the occasion of the outbreak of the South African War he enlisted with the First Canadian Contingent under the then Col. Otter. He served in various capacities and was afterwards Commissioner of the Heidelberg District. Mr. Temple has the South African medal with four bars.

Major Alistair Fraser, M.C., K.C. (right), was born at New Glasgow, and is a son of Hon. D. C. Fraser, former Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. He was called to the Bar in 1911, and created King's Counsel in 1921. He enlisted at the outbreak of the War in 1914, and served with the 17th Battalion, the P.P.C.L.I., and the 15th Battalion. He was afterwards A.D.C. to General Currie, Commander of the Canadian Corps. In 1919, he was appointed General Solicitor to the Canadian National. He was transferred to Commission Counsel in 1923. Mr. Fraser will continue to deal with Railway Commission matters.

STEAM UP FOR LONDON



This model, a perfect working miniature of one of the Canadian National Railways' giant 6100 Northern type locomotives, is now on its way to London, England, where it will be exhibited in the European offices of the National system. John E. Wood, of Winnipeg, constructed it in his spare time, and it took him fourteen months of diligence and skill. The main frames and some of the other parts were made by apprentices in the Fort Rouge and Transcona shops. The model is correct in all external details and will work under its own power. The boiler has been tested to 150 pounds pressure. For the purpose of exhibition a motor was placed in the oak base to drive the wheels through a worm gear on the main driving axle. The over-all length of the model is eight feet, six inches, while the over-all length of the original 6100 is 94 feet, six inches. The model weighs approximately 275 pounds and the superlocomotive 326 tons.

CORK ISLAND

Central Part of Irish City on River Has Miles of Quays for Cargo Boats — Gateway of South.

Cork is the southern gateway of Ireland. It lies at the head of the Cove of Cork, almost due west of London. Passenger boats from England and Scotland and foreign cargo boats of shallow draft dock at the Cork quays, but transatlantic vessels can navigate the Cove only as far as Cobh, better known as Queenstown. The twelve-mile journey to Cork is made by river boat or by train.

The main portion of Cork occupies an island with the main channel of the River Lee bordering it on the the north and Southern Channel, an arm of the Lee, forming its southern boundary. The hillsides on the opposite sides of both of these streams are nearly as thickly populated as the island.

Cork has many visitors, but they usually are destined to points outside of the city, according to the National Geographic Society. The Blarney Castle with its famous stone is a drawing card for Southern Ireland, and the country is dotted with old castles, fine old mansions and quaint villages. Beautiful panoramas are frequent. The five railroads which enter the city touch or connect with other railroads that traverse practically every city and town on the island.

One of the most interesting "sights" of Cork is the vehicle from which the sights are seen. Automobiles are available for touring, but the traveller is likely to perch himself on one of the typical Irish jaunting cars. Facing outward, and with a pot for every stop of the jaggin horse the driver traverses St. Patrick street—the Fifth avenue of Cork—the Grand Parade and Great George street, all shopping districts. St. Patrick's street and the Grand Parade were quays when Cork was young and the island was mostly swampland, and waterways cut through what now is an important business district.

All is business on the lower end of the island, where miles of quays are lined with cargo boats. Casks of butter, herds of cattle and pigs and cargoes of hay and other domestic goods await shipment to foreign ports, while an American might see coal and iron from American mines and wheat and flour from American fields and mills hoisted out of the holds of American and British freighters for Irish consumption.

The other end of the island is a parkway called the Mardyke walk, where "Corkers" spend their leisure moments on shaded promenades in view of tree-clad banks of the Lee, dotted here and there with villas. The Marina, another one of the city's playgrounds, lies on the south side of the Southern Channel, with a beautiful view of the river below Cork. Across the water are the hilly suburbs of Tivoli, where Sir Walter Raleigh once lived and where trees planted by him still survive.

The Protestant and Roman Catholic cathedrals — both bearing the name of the Saint Finne Barre, who founded Cork in the seventh century —and the college also lie on the south side of Cork. The latter is a handsome building of limestone in Tudor style. A number of tropical plants adorn the college grounds. Although Cork lies in the same latitude as Labrador, its climate is tempered by the Gulf Stream.

The north bank of the Lee is dominated by the clock tower of St. Anne's Shandon, which contains the eight bells made famous by Father Prout, the poet-priest. The tower affords a splendid view of the city. At the foot of the tower the huge round roof of the butter market con rasts with the steep slate-roofed houses bordering the narrow lane-like streets leading to the river. The row after row of houses in the business district are frequently pierced by the steeples of churches, but dominating all of them is the 240-foot central tower of the Protestant cathedral, far in the background.

His Place.

I wonder what a certain porter at Oxford University will think if he remembers being the chief actor in the following story:

At the Oxford examination schools the candidates sit in alphabetical order. As he entered a young man was asked by the porter: "What's your name, sir?"

"Lang," replied the young man.

"Then you sit in hell (L), over there," said the Cockney.

That young man is now Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wheat that ripens within three months after planting is grown in Alaska near the Arctic circle.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST FAMILY.

O'Malleys Descended In an Unbroken Line From 365 A.D.

England's proudest families are said to take second place when they take cognizance of the proud pedigree of the famous O'Malleys of Ireland.

The O'Malleys have a magnificent illuminated pedigree, with pages bordered in green and gold and with coats of arms in scarlet and blue and black, which is registered in the Office of Arms at Dublin Castle. A hundred years ago it was certified by Sir William Betham, the Ulster King at Arms, as being "founded on evidence of the most unquestionable and authentic character." It proves that the O'Malleys are descended in an unbroken male line from 365 A.D., when it joined the Milesian-Gaelic High Kings of Ireland.

The Shirleys and Greeleys in England still claim to be the oldest families, but they have not been able to dispute the O'Malley claim.

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Broadcast Sale of Notions

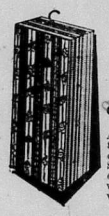
Thursday, Feb. 7th, presents Another Notable Broadcast ! Be early at the doors and Save

7440 Pieces of Sheffield Stainless Steel Cutlery

Our share 300. Broadcast Feature, each

Sheffield stainless steel cutlery at a startlingly low price. Knives and forks for general use—for the kitchen, the summer camp, for daily use. Both have good-looking bone handles in squared or rounded styles—knives are in two sizes—9 in. or 7¾ in. A Broadcast super special for Thursday.

22c.



600 8-Article Garment Bags

Our share 24. Broadcast Special, ea.

A price that tells of Broadcast savings ! 8-garment wardrobe bags, made of fancy chintz in striped or flowered patterns. Securely fastened up the sides with domes. Ample room for eight dresses without crushing. Another Broadcast value achievement.

$1

Rubber Baby Pants

2 pair 29c.

Slip-on style, shirred at the waist and knee. In shades of white, pink and natural. Small, medium and large sizes. A value typical of Broadcast savings !

Broadcast of Rubber Aprons

Tea Aprons

A variety of colors—neatly finished with frilled edging in contrasting shades and one handy pocket. We received a small quantity of these, so you must come early! Broadcast feature, each ..... **25c.**

Coverall Aprons

Utility aprons in cover-all styles with ties at back. Edged in fancy frilling and finished with pocket. Come early and save on this Broadcast value, ea... **69c.**

7200 Pairs of Scissors

An unusual Broadcast purchase. In two remarkable groups. Our share 100

Utility scissors for home, school or office. An immense purchase—thousands of pairs—bought at another very special Broadcast price. They come in a variety of styles and lengths, but all have keen blades and work smoothly. Two big groups at two big prices.



Small Size Broadcast Sale **10c.**

Large Size Broadcast Sale **29c.**

Sew-on Garters

Adjustable sew-on garters of flexible pink elastic at a notable price for the Broadcast Sale. Buy several pair —Broadcast feature,

2 for 25c.

Pin-on Garters

Adjustable pin-on garters of live white elastic—each tapped with two hose supporters. Another Broadcast value, offering at

2 for 29c.

Art Silk Elastic

Belding Corticelli rayon elastic braid. A remarkable chance to save. In white, about ¾ in. wide. Broadcast feature,

12 yds. 35c.

Saturday, February 9th

Men's Shoes

Robinhood shoes—just arrived—new spring styles that are worthy of your inspection. They represent real value in quality merchandise—mostly blucher cut in the popular Wales last, with Goodyear welt soles—Black and brown calf. Sizes 6 to 11. Pair **4.25**

Men's Mackinaw Coats

All wool mackinaw material in 32-ounce weight. A wonderful cloth to stop wind and rain—made in shawl collar, full Norfolk, all round belt style. Sizes 36 to 44. Brown shade with dark blue plaid. Each..... **5.95**

Men's Caps

Attractive patterns in the popular eight-piece style—excellently tailored with good quality satin lining and leather sweat bands. All wool tweeds in suitable weights. Shades are grey, fawn and brown. Sizes 6¾ to 7⅞. Each,



1.50 and 1.75

Valentine Parties Need Candy

Assorted chocolates, lb.	35c.
Jelly beans, lb.	20c.
Delicious Toffee, lb.	50c.
Pandora assorted chocolates, lb. box	60c.
Special assortment, lb. box	75c.
Special assortment, 3 lb. box	2.00
Winsome assortment, 3 lb. box	1.75

Saturday is Children's Day

Boys' Wool Hose

Ribbed wool hose, extra heavy quality with plain knit feet. Fine for winter wear. Shades Lovat and brown heather. Sizes 7 to 10 in the lot. Pair **75c., 85c., 1.00**



Children's Cashmere Hose

Fine quality 2 and 1 ribb—with plain knit feet, reinforced heels and toes. Shades camel and brown heather mixtures. Sizes 6½ to 9½. Pair **75c., 85c., 1.00**

Infants' Vests

Wooltex, closely woven and lightly fleeced, made in double breast or button front style—cream shade. Infant's size only. Special value, each..... **39c.**

Infants' Mitts

Soft and warm. Made of closely knitted angora and finished with a deep ribbed cuff—white only. A limited quantity at a very special price. Pair..... **98c.**

Infants' Angora Bonnets

Made of real angora wool—very closely knitted and finished with white satin ties. Wonderful wearing and washing qualities and warm and cosy. White only. Each..... **2.95**

Youths' Calf Boots

A sturdy boot, built especially for the growing lad, who gives shoes hard wear. Have strong McKay sewn soles and rubber heels. Sizes 11 to 13½. An excellent value at pair..... **1.69**

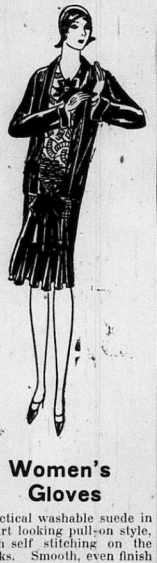
Boys' Mackinaw Coats



Exactly what the active boy wants for play or school wear. Warmly tailored in double breast style, with all round belt and two pockets. Made of good, heavy weight brown and blue plaid mackinaw. All wool. Sizes 26 to 33. Each..... **3.75**

Women's Dresses

developed from Crepe Satin in the season's newest designs



Some of our better class dresses for women. Exquisitely tailored in the season's most desired models. Lovely for informal afternoon or evening wear, featuring one and two piece styles with dainty pleated vestee and jabot of georgette and lace—drape effects with white facings and black lace and georgette trimmings. Black only—smart for any occasion—sizes 16, 20, and 40. Each **45.00**

Women's Hose

Chiffon silk in a sheer fine, even weave. Especially designed for evening wear—made with graceful slipper heels and in shades of patio, atmosphere, sonata, gunmetal. Sizes 8½ to 10. Pair,

2.00

Women's Gloves

Practical washable suede in smart looking pull-on style, with self stitching on the backs. Smooth, even finish that stands washing well, and gives excellent service. Sizes 6 to 7—shades beige and pearl grey. Pair **.300**

Early Specials, Saturday 9 a.m.

Down Comforters

Full double bed size—art sateen and cambric covers in floral and paisley patterns with plain matching borders. Shades mauve, rose, blue and black. Size 66 x 72 in. Reg. 10.50. 9 o'clock special Saturday, each..... **7.95**

Women's Hand Bags

Popular envelope and pouch shapes, lined with moire. Have inside purse and mirror. Good quality leather. Shades beige, tan, black, red, grey. Reg. 2.95. 9 o'clock special, Saturday each..... **1.95**

Women's Hose

Fine knit from art silk and wool in neat fancy check pattern—will give excellent wear and wash well. Sizes 6, 6½, 7. Shades fawn and white, French nude and white. Regular 75c. pair 9 o'clock special, Saturday, pair ..... **50c.**

Women's Dresses

Popular models, featuring drapes, uneven hemlines, collars and round necklines. Georgette, crepe satin, and georgette and lace. Shades birch, navy and black. Sizes 36 and 38. Reg. 35.00 and 39.50. 9 o'clock special, Saturday..... **29.50**

Men's Cashmere Hose

High grade English all wool cashmeres in a variety of weights—plain or fine ribbed styles with well reinforced heels and toes. Sizes 10 to 11. Shades grey and fawn. 9 o'clock special, Saturday, pair..... **43c.**

Women's Silk Hose

A full fashioned silk to the hem hose that gives wonderful service. Medium weight with reinforced heels and toes. Shades patio, mocha, atmosphere and sonata. Sizes 8½ to 10. 9 o'clock special, Saturday, pair **1.27**

Swiss Panels

May be used singly or in pairs. Excellent quality swiss net, in ecru with lovely design in white and ecru. Very special value. 9 o'clock special, Saturday ,each..... **1.49**

Rayon Panels

Rayon and cotton panels that will give splendid wear—finished with heavy bullion fringe, attractive designs. 2¼ yds. long by 36 inches wide. Ecru only. 9 o'clock special, Saturday, each..... **1.69**

Rayon Bedspreads

A very pleasing design, made of good quality Rayon in Krinkle style. They are easily laundered and give excellent wear. Shades are such that they will fit into most any color scheme—Rose, blue or gold with contrasting stripes on the sides. Generous size, 84 x 106 inches. Each..... **3.95**

Rayon Satin

A practical material with a lovely lustrous finish—suitable for dresses, trimmings, linings, cushion tops, etc. Width 36 in., and black only. Excellent wearing quality and an attractive value at, yard..... **75c.**

Bathroom Mats

Heavy quality chenille mats that have a very practical place in the bathroom on account of their splendid washing qualities Shades are jade, rose, blue, mauve with contrasting colored borders.

Size 22 x 36, each	3.50
Size 25 x 52, each	5.50
Size 36 x 63, each	8.50

Men's Work Shirts

The man who demands value for his money will be well pleased with these splendid work shirts. Made of heavy weight cotton drill in fine, even weave, double sewn seams and generous body and sleeve size—dark navy blue in fast color and coat style, khaki in regular pull-over cut. Sizes 14½ to 17½. Each **1.50**

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